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MAY 29, 1972

TIME

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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Henry Luce

So unreal. World exploding around us. Sit on ground taking notes. Soldiers pop up around us, fire short bursts and then sink back into brittle bamboo. Purple smoke spirals upward on north, pink on south. Rockets crash and thud. 50-cal., thud. M-16 pops. Suddenly, all fire stops and movement shifts to north. Land smoldering, wall of burning tree stumps.

SO reads the final entry last week in Saigon Correspondent David DeVoss's notebook. A metal fragment pierced the pages, and a few words are illegible because of blood streaks. Moments after he wrote his impressions, DeVoss was hit by North Vietnamese mortar fire. He was seriously wounded in his chest, arms and legs. He received immediate first aid on the scene, and was quickly flown by helicopter to the Third Field Hospital outside Tan Son Nhut Airbase, where he underwent emergency surgery. At week's end his condition was declared satisfactory.

LE MINH



DEVLOSS AWAITING EVACUATION

At 24, DeVoss is TIME's youngest reporter in Viet Nam. He arrived there in January, when combat was relatively light. After the North Vietnamese began their Easter offensive, he covered major action all over South Viet Nam and became a virtual commuter on Route 13, which runs between Saigon and An Loc. He would set out from the capital in the morning by car to cover the progress of the South Vietnamese 21st Division as it fought its way with agonizing slowness toward An Loc and the relief of the garrison encircled there.

Reports Bureau Chief Stanley Cohen. "After many journalists had lost interest in that front, David continued to make frequent trips. Much of what he wrote was of the horrors and frustration of that battle. He was convinced that the story of An Loc's plight, told by the people who lived it, would be one of the great stories of the war. He was determined to get it."

When DeVoss left Saigon last week with two veteran combat photographers, Le Minh and Dirck Halstead, he was hoping to enter An Loc with the rescue force's first wave. But the advancing column was still ten miles south of its objective when the enemy mortar rounds started to fall.

Despite his wounds and frustration, DeVoss is more fortunate than many casualties among the press corps. LIFE Photographer Robert Capa was killed back in 1954, when the war belonged to France and seemed far away. Since 1965 alone, 34 journalists have died in Indochina, including TIME Correspondent John Cantwell and LIFE Photographer Larry Burrows. Another 19 are still missing, all but two of them lost in Cambodia.

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The Cover: A portrait in opaque watercolor by Harvey Simpson.

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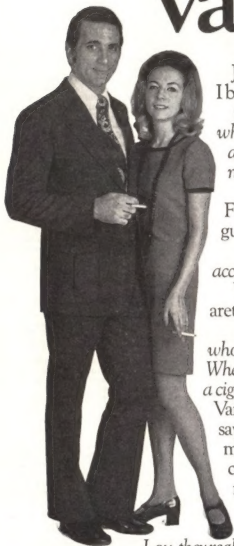
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Why we smoke Vantage.



Joan started smoking Vantage about a year ago. I began when you came out with your menthol. Oh, Lou and I were concerned about smoking a long while before that. You can't read in the papers day in and day out what they're saying about smoking and not be concerned.

I guess we like smoking too much to want to stop. Funny thing about our old brands, though. We felt guilty smoking them.

Well, Lou, the people who are against smoking accomplished that much.

Yeah, we even tried some of those new low 'tar' cigarette brands. They tasted like nothing, so much blah.

And I have 4 children and run around the house the whole day cleaning up after them. When I sit down for a break, I want a cigarette I can get some taste out of. Vantage is everything you people say it is. Same flavor I got out of my old brand and I know you can't lie about those low 'tar' and nicotine numbers.

You're right, Lou, they really are fantastic.

I'm a one man band for them, got half a dozen of the guys who work with me to go over to them. We'd recommend Vantage to anybody who smokes.

Louis Amato, Joan Amato
Louis Amato, Joan Amato, Northport, New York



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LETTERS

Golden Opportunity

Sir / I think that it is time for the country to realize that George McGovern [May 8] is the man for the nomination.

Senator McGovern has offered programs that deal with both foreign and domestic issues—ending the Viet Nam War and reforming our tax laws. He has spoken openly with the people and told them exactly what he is going to do.

Let us not pass up this golden opportunity for change.

MICHAEL BURLAS
Fallston, Md.

Sir / George McGovern is a frightening presidential candidate.

Who is he? The Organization Man, that's who. You want populism! The organization speaks populism. You want liberalism? The organization speaks liberalism. You want busing? The organization speaks busing. You don't want busing? The organization speaks alternatives. You want peace? The organization speaks peace.

You get a sure feeling this is a speak-easy organization, and an insecure feeling that maybe we can't chance an organization President.

DOROTHY HUNDT
Oakland, Calif.

Sir / Thanks for your straightforward article on George McGovern. His proposals are not radical or left wing. They are the closest thing yet to the ideals that America was founded on.

Voters will finally have an alternative to voting for the "least worse" candidate when election time comes in November.

LESLIE SIEGMUND
Concord, Calif.

Sir / So George McGovern would take three years to dismantle our defenses, meanwhile confiscating our money and property.

What would he do during his fourth year? Why, transform us into the American Soviet Socialist Republic, the first noncontiguous state of the Soviet Union.

The prairie populist? Nonsense. The prairie Marxist!

CHESTER PLACEK
Vienna, Va.

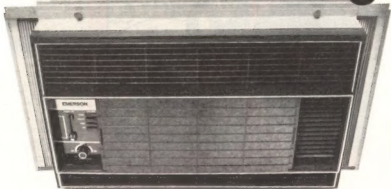
Sir / I read with interest your cover story on the "Prairie Populist" and was both amazed and fascinated by the ironies and inconsistencies of this year's "spectacular." McGovern questions John Lindsay's populist credentials because Lindsay plays squash at the Yale Club. Should anti-establishment populists who live in \$110,000 houses cast stones?

To be fair, however, I don't imagine that any of the public servants who are wooing our votes come from log cabins or antipoverty housing any more!

CAROL ADAMS
Raynham, Mass.

Sir / Your story on Senator George McGovern, which had me saying that I agreed with 95% of the Senator's "plan" to cut the defense budget, was in error. What I said was that 95% of the weapons systems that Senator McGovern wishes to eliminate are the right ones to eliminate. I am opposed to any U.S. troop reductions in Europe or Korea at this time, and without such reductions, further large manpower cuts do not seem plausible. Some 50% of the defense budget is consumed by manpower costs. I also said that in my opinion

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Once you've determined the capacity you need, how do you get your air conditioner installed?

Some people think it takes a crew of muscular men and a large crane. But with an Emerson Quiet Kool, you and one other person should be able to do it handily. Without knocking holes in your wall or glass from your window.

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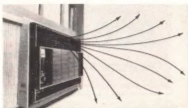
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LETTERS

the Senator's plan overestimates the savings from weapons systems cuts and underestimates the cost of force modernization. My own figure for an initial defense budget reduction was \$10 to \$12 billion, not \$32 billion.

LESLIE H. GELB
Senior Fellow
The Brookings Institution
Washington, D.C.

Sir / You have misrepresented an important McGovern proposal. McGovern did not suggest that "anyone making over \$50,000 a year—earned or unearned—would have to pay 75% of the excess in taxes, no matter what tax shelters might exist."

What McGovern is proposing is that everyone pay some income tax. One formulation would apply to those with total incomes in excess of \$50,000, regardless of the source. "The entire income of any person in this range would be subject to payment of taxes at a rate of 75% of the current statutory rates at the rate they would have to pay if there were no loopholes."

DEBORAH MALLEY
New York City

The Ultimate Goal

Sir / Having been a member of the United Methodist Church for 30 years, I found much to laugh and cry at in "Methodist Malaise" [May 8].

It is not successful religions that are characterized by a "high profile of unshakable exclusiveness, strict discipline," as Dean Kelley argues in his *Why Conservative Churches are Growing*; it is rather successful organizations that are so characterized. This view overlooks the ultimate goal of a church—that of total integration of religion into all of life.

Ideally the people called Methodist would become so engrossed in tolerant, rel-

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If you'd like to know how controversial issues such as "no-fault" auto insurance or health care can affect you, if you have an opinion to air, if you need help with some personal insurance problem, call. We'll do our level best to talk it over in plain English.

Of course, a number of our conversations have also strengthened our

feeling that the insurance industry has some very down-to-earth problems that need attention. The high cost of insurance, for example.

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LETTERS

evant, concerned living that the organized church would become progressively less needed and therefore less evident.

WALTER S. BOONE
Valdese, N.C.

Sir / The United Methodist Church is not "going bad." For years we have played the numbers game in measuring our success.

The fact is, under the direction of our United Methodist discipline, inactive members who do not withdraw voluntarily are being removed from the rolls. Oh yes sir, we are still leaping like a brushfire along the frontier of the 20th century, but this time we are burning up our own deadwood.

(THE REV.) WILLIAM J. BARNEY
Pastor, United Methodist Church
Lyndonville, Vt.

Pat Solution

Sir / As long as the custodians of our tax dollars remain so dedicated to the interests of big business and to winning the largest voting pluralities, what hope is there for the mentally retarded [May 8], who will never host Texas barbecues, who will never fund a convention, who will never even vote?

The pat solution is to thrust the burden, in whole or in part, back on their families. With the increasing costs of dropping bombs in Southeast Asia, of taking care of the ITTs in our midst, of sending men to the moon, of guaranteeing outrageous agricultural commodity prices, what family is left after taxes with the resources necessary to care for a lifelong dependent?

CELINE S. MARKS
New York City

Sir / Congratulations on your comprehensive and informative article on mental retardation. Your reporters and writers did a splendid job of informing the public on a problem that faces 6,000,000 Americans and their families. The article should serve constructively to improve the lot of the retarded and encourage research to help prevent further retardation.

CLAIR W. BURGNER
Vice Chairman
President's Committee on
Mental Retardation
Washington, D.C.

News in Manure

Sir / Your paragraph on Mayor Lindsay's campaign [April 24] contains some inaccuracies and a distortion of a quotation. You imply that a TV commercial portrayed Lindsay spreading manure in Wisconsin. There was no commercial: a network news show ran film of the incident. You say Lindsay was shown spending the night on the sofa of a blue-collar family. That event was off the record and neither filmed nor photographed. Finally, you quote me: "The only thing charisma did for the mayor was bring people out to see him. But when they heard him, they said goodbye." What I said was: "But when they heard him talk about the urban crisis, they said goodbye." I went on to say that what scared me most about the mood of the country in 1972 was the desire to escape from the problems of the cities. It still does.

THOMAS S. MORGAN
Press Secretary to Mayor Lindsay
New York City

Too Old to Qualify?

Sir / The anomaly of Isaac Presler's being "simply too old to qualify as a victim of discrimination against the old" [May 8] is a

matter of direct concern to me as commissioner of the New York State Division of Human Rights. My position is that all able-bodied individuals should be afforded the right to work, even if they are 75, and I support Governor Rockefeller's proposal to amend the employment section of the Human Rights Law to protect persons of all ages.

JACK M. SABLE
New York City

Sir / So the Supreme Court decided not to hear the case of Isaac Presler because it was not important enough.

It seems to me that an old man who is so dynamic is an inspiration to old and young. Surely the issue involved is *extremely* important. A man who stands on his own two feet and who continues to improve his mind as he gets older is a rare individual who has earned the right and the courtesy of being heard.

(MRS.) BERTHA R. EWING
APO New York

Safer Than Maryland?

Sir / TIME's story on India's dacoits [May 1] reports in awed tones that in 1971 they "committed 285 murders, 352 kidnappings and 213 robberies, all within an area smaller than the state of Maryland." Well, within the real state of Maryland, in Baltimore alone, the 1970 score was 273 murders and 11,687 robberies. Unfortunately, my source does not give the number of kidnappings. Even so, dacoit country looks to be safer than Maryland.

J. M. BRADLEY
Bonn, West Germany

Pity for Elizabeth

Sir / After reading your essay on Mary v. Elizabeth [May 8], I started to wonder whether men really understand what Women's Lib is all about.

It is interesting that Gerald Clarke admires Queen Elizabeth because she would rather have had power than love a man. I think she is a pitiable character. To be a liberated woman, one must be a liberated person. She was neither. Her victory was complete, yet it was Pyrrhic.

In surrendering her identity to a crown, she was no more a person in her own right than a woman who lives vicariously through her husband.

MARY LYNNE ANTONSANTI
DE VIZCARRONDO
San Juan, Puerto Rico

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AMERICAN NOTES

Steps to Instability

The shooting of Governor George Wallace raises fears again about the future of American society. Could the present order reach the point where it is no longer workable? What is that point anyway? In the British magazine *Encounter* two years ago, U.S. Sociologist Daniel Bell listed seven factors characteristic of modern Western countries that became politically unstable. Two nations that did: Weimar Germany and Fourth Republic France.

One of Bell's signs is the growth of private violence: the attempted assassination of Wallace and the bombing of the Pentagon last week are only the latest events in a decade-long litany. For the rest, anyone who wishes to can easily find American cases to meet Bell's other conditions.

► **"Insoluble" problems:** inflation, unemployment, urban decay.

► **Parliamentary impasse:** Congress and the President stalemated over vital issues.

► **Racial conflict:** almost anywhere one looks.

► **Uneven regional economic development:** Appalachia and much of the rural South, still lagging.

► **Alienation of the intelligentsia:** of course.

► **Humiliation in war:** trying to avoid just that end is what has kept Richard Nixon busy lately, and the prospect haunted him before he left on his mission to Moscow.

How to stave off instability? The first requisite, Bell concluded, "is intelligent leadership." That, unfortunately, is harder to find than good advice.

Blockade that Metaphor

Remember "Don't give up the ship"? Or, "You may fire when ready, Gridley"? What about "Damn the torpedoes—full speed ahead"? Now Commander James Cannon, skipper of the U.S. destroyer *Mullinnix*, has added his own ringing battle cry to the Navy's lexicon of heroic challenges. As *Mullinnix* arrived for a third tour off Viet Nam, Commander Cannon announced: "We are ready to step in the batter's box and belt a few pitches with hard stuff now that the contract is signed for our third season with the big leagues." Anyone looking for the roots of the current military infatuation with athletic metaphor might possibly start with the playing fields of Whittier, Calif.

The Pedaling Pol

Major Benjamin Coxson's troubles worsened when he moved into the White House. Not the one in Washington, D.C., but one in Camden, N.J., that Coxson has been remodeling to look like the original. The idea was to dramatize his candidacy as a political independent in the city's mayoral race next year. It worked so well, he says, that a political enemy asked the Internal Revenue Service to investigate him, and he was subsequently hit with an outstanding \$80,000 claim. While Coxson was trying to appeal the case, the feds moved in and seized his white Lincoln Continental Mark IV and his custom-built black Cadillac limousine. Undaunted, Coxson went right out and bought another set of wheels: a \$300 kelly green tandem bicycle with dual horns and chrome fenders.

The result is a novel, colorful campaign on wheels. Coxson's liveried chauffeur sits up front and does the pedaling; the candidate lounges on the back seat, waving to his would-be constituents. Coxson, 42, who once owned a nightclub and an auto-leasing firm,

jokes: "I don't like the way that IRS works. If they keep it up, I'm going to stop doing business with them." Moral: In the wheeling-dealing game of politics, there is more than one way to peddle a candidate.

Peace in the Park

People's Park in Berkeley, Calif., is the Alamo of the anti-Establishment young. Three years ago last week, a protest demonstration over whether the park belonged to the University of California or the street people and students erupted into an appalling melee between students and police. One man died, another was blinded. The university covered part of the plot with asphalt and bounded it with an 8-ft.-high fence.

The park lay virtually useless until recently, when antiwar demonstrators chose to break down the fence, chop up the asphalt and plant shrubbery and flowers. Slowly students and townspeople drifted back into the park; they set up a recycling center to collect bottles and cans, and settled down to enjoy the spring air. This time reaction was prudent. The cops ignored the occupation and Chancellor Albert Bowker seems not to want to press the issue.

Poverty = Pollution?

Scatter-site housing is almost as thorny a problem as busing. The antagonists are principally the same: whites protecting their hard-won privileges v. blacks trying to break out of the ghetto. In a bizarre twist of principle, a group of Chicagoans has brought suit in U.S. district court to prevent proposed housing projects from "polluting" their neighborhoods. Their legal foundation: the National Environmental Policy Act of 1969.

The suit, filed by 19 community organizations from Chicago's predominantly white Northwest and Southwest sides, charges that the Department of Housing and Urban Development violated the antipollution law when it approved 100 sites in those areas for public housing projects. The complaint says: "As a statistical whole, low income families... possess social class characteristics which will and have been inimical and harmful to the legitimate interests of the plaintiffs." Among the characteristics named: "Disregard for physical and aesthetic maintenance of real and personal property, a higher propensity for criminal behavior and acts of physical violence and a lower commitment to hard work."



COXSON (REAR) ON CAMPAIGN TRAIL
Already in the White House.



GENERAL SECRETARY LEONID BREZHNEV



PRESIDENT RICHARD NIXON

DIPLOMACY/COVER STORY

The Summit: A World at the Crossroads

THE medieval towers of the Kremlin are topped by glowing red stars, which symbolize the deep underlying continuity of Russian power. This week, barring some wholly unexpected disaster, the Stars and Stripes will fly for the first time above the crenelated ramparts of the fortress complex. For six days, Richard and Pat Nixon will reside in the Kremlin's 17th century Terem Palace, surrounded by the shimmering splendor that once was Imperial Russia.

In terms of political drama, there was a stronger sense of excitement about the President's six-day visit to China last February, if only because of the aura of mystery that surrounded Mao's Middle Kingdom. By contrast there is not nearly so much for Nixon to discover in the way of fresh sights and sounds in Russia, a country he has visited four times before—most notably in 1959, when he held his celebrated debate with Nikita Khrushchev in a Moscow exhibition hall. But this week's summit meeting of the President and Soviet Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev has far greater potential consequences than Nixon's conversations with Mao and Chou En-lai.

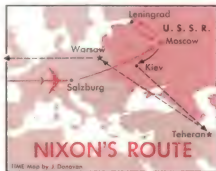
The Moscow talks would put to the test Nixon's avowed goal of moving the world from a state of confrontation to one of negotiation. It would also provide further evidence of whether it is possible for the world's two ranking superpowers—one democratic and capitalist, the

other autocratic and Communist—to put aside or at least tone down their longstanding ideological and political rivalry for the sake of peace and self-interest. The outcome of the talks could harm or help Nixon's chances for reelection in November. For Nixon's host, the Moscow summit is also something of a test, for the talks are the key to his policy of East-West *détente*. Brezhnev does not have an election in the fall—but he would face an even quicker verdict from his colleagues in the Politburo, of which he is *primus inter pares*, if the talks were a failure.

The President could hardly have gone to Moscow at a more crucial and perhaps even more auspicious moment. Seldom in modern history have so many significant interacting trends been brought into focus at one conference. In the wake of West Germany's rati-

fication last week of the treaties of Moscow and Warsaw, the way is now open for a further series of diplomatic maneuvers that with luck could finally defuse the old cold war confrontation in Europe. In the Middle East, perhaps the most unpredictable area of superpower involvement, the Soviets seem to be restraining their Arab allies, perhaps pending the outcome of the Moscow summit. Then there is Viet Nam, where Hanoi's offensive against the South, and Nixon's consequent decision to step up the bombing of the North and to mine its harbors, have pushed the war into a new phase that could lead either to greater danger or a negotiated peace.

Perhaps most important, the Moscow summit comes at a time when the changed relationship between the two superpowers cries out for discussion and debate. When John F. Kennedy and Nikita Khrushchev met in the last full-fledged summit at Vienna in 1961, the U.S. still possessed an overwhelming edge in nuclear might. In a costly arms buildup, the Soviet Union has achieved parity in weaponry, a fact that naturally worries American military experts but nonetheless does have one positive aspect. Having reached equality with the U.S., Russia now seems genuinely interested in curtailing the costly arms race. Partly because of its fear of Chinese expansionism, partly because of its desire for capitalist technology, the Soviet Union seems also



THE NATION

willing to further curb cold war tactics and seek more *détente* with the West.

Obviously, the Soviets want *détente* on the best possible terms and without giving up their determination to expand their influence in the world. So, despite the favorable portents, the summit is certain to bring very hard bargaining and conceivably even ultimate disappointment for the U.S. Furthermore, over the summit lies the danger of some accident—the bombing of a Soviet freighter in Haiphong, perhaps, or a confrontation between U.S. warships and the growing Russian flotilla off the North Vietnamese coast. "It could still come unstuck," worried a White House aide shortly before Nixon's departure.

It is, in a sense, the strangest summit meeting to date, happening at a moment when Soviet ships are cautiously turning away from American mines at Haiphong. The strangest and most significant thing about it is that it is happening at all. When Nixon announced the mining of the North Vietnamese ports two weeks ago, he had no assurances on how the Kremlin might react. The Soviets had been told by Kissinger that Nixon was considering drastic action—but they did not know the specifics. Nixon's own hunch was that Moscow would postpone the meeting. But after an initial silence came the relatively mild Soviet denunciation of the President's move, followed a few days later by short notices in Russian newspapers quoting Press Secretary Ron Ziegler as saying that the President was preparing to leave for Moscow. After that, the Soviet press made it seem like a great achievement for Russia to press on with the summit despite "the reactionary forces," as *Izvestia* put it, that were seeking "to undermine peace." Rumors persist in the West that the fix is in, and that Nixon and the Russians have made a secret deal on Viet Nam—such as an agreement to deactivate the mines while the President is in Moscow. U.S. officials denied that there was any arrangement at all.

Side Trips. Accompanied by Henry Kissinger, Secretary of State William Rogers, a staff of 36 and a mammoth press corps of 260, the President and his First Lady last Saturday flew off to Salzburg, Austria, for two days of rest and sightseeing. On Monday morning, Air Force One was to take off from Salzburg for the 3-hr. 40-min. flight to Moscow. Nixon will spend nine days in Russia, including two days of side trips to Leningrad and Kiev. After that he will fly to Iran for one day and to Poland for another before returning on June 1 to Washington.

The nation he left behind remained deeply divided over the wisdom of his decision to mine North Viet Nam. Last week someone claiming to represent the long-dormant radical Weathermen credited that group with setting off a bomb in a women's room of the Pentagon; it did considerable damage but luckily injured no one. On Sunday a

scheduled peace march in Washington was expected to draw a crowd of 15,000. About the Moscow summit, though, there was cautious optimism. The stock market, that nervous and uncertain barometer of public feeling, rose 20 points in two days, partly on expectations of more peaceful relations between the superpowers.

Nixon would find Russia not only expectably ordered and disciplined but also wondrously spick-and-span. The Russians have been giving Moscow an elaborate facelift. More than 200 eyesore buildings, long marked for demolition, were torn down along the routes that the President was expected to take. The empty lots, which were sodded with lawn, were dubbed "Nixon squares" by Muscovites. Near the Kremlin, new lawns and flower beds were planted, and thick new asphalt sidewalks were put down outside the American embassy. There was a less pleasant aspect to the cleanup as well: to prevent possible demonstrations by Russia's small but determined band of dissidents, the secret police were searching for seven Jewish activists and cracked down on suspected editors of underground journals.

Both Nixon and Brezhnev have stressed that the meeting would be devoted to work. "This summit is primarily directed towards substance, not cosmetics," said the President. Nonetheless, on their first evening in Moscow, the President and Mrs. Nixon will be honored at a state dinner in the Kremlin. Later they will watch the Bolshoi Ballet, which will probably present one act each from *Swan Lake* and *Giselle*. The President may also visit Star City, the cosmonaut center near Moscow, or be flown to see an unmanned space shot at Baikonur in central Asia. More important, he will be accorded the privilege of making a short television address to the Soviet people. Pat Nixon will be the guest of Mrs. Brezhnev at tea and will visit Moscow University, the GUM department store, the Bolshoi ballet school and the Moscow circus, whose trained bears are likely to delight the First Lady as much as Peking's pandas did. The Nixons will fly to Leningrad for a day to visit the Summer Palace and the war cemetery of the victims of the city's World War II siege. They will also visit Kiev, where they are expected to go to the cathedral and a factory.

Nixon clearly lacks the earthy, outgoing qualities that Russians prize. But Brezhnev and his colleagues may have perceived that as a certified anti-Com-



DUCK HUNTING



CHATTING WITH SALESWOMAN

munist, Nixon can make concessions that a more liberal Democratic President could not dare offer for fear of American conservative backlash. They have been anxious about Nixon's unpredictability, but they decided that they had to do business with him.

The summit will give Nixon and Brezhnev their first chance to take each other's measure. Although Brezhnev was standing at Nixon's elbow during the kitchen debate, the two men have never really met. In 1968, when Nixon—then an unemployed politician marking time as a lawyer—paid his last visit to Russia, he sought an interview with Brezhnev, but was turned down. In a sense, that rebuff reflected the Russian leader's suspicion of Nixon as an archetypal cold warrior.



AT HIS COUNTRY HOME



The talks will take place amid the tapestried elegance of St. Catherine's Hall in the Kremlin, which once served as the Empress's throne room. Flanked by aides and translators, Nixon and Brezhnev will face each other across a wide table. The two men already are thoroughly briefed on each other's positions. For more than a year, they have been exchanging secret communications in which they have spelled out their positions on a number of vital items. The chief topics:

NUCLEAR BALANCE. After 21 years of negotiations in the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks, the U.S. and Soviet Union are on the verge of a potentially important agreement that would 1) curtail the arms race between the superpowers, and 2) provide them with a justification for insisting that smaller

nuclear powers limit their own development of weapons. Barring a last-minute misunderstanding, the two leaders will this week put their signatures to a treaty that will restrict deployment of anti-missile missiles (ABMs) to only two complexes of 100 missiles each in Russia and the U.S. The ABM treaty would lead to a freeze on the numbers of offensive missiles.

TRADE. The Soviet Union, which suffered severe frost damage to its winter-wheat crop, wants to make the largest purchases of U.S. wheat since the cold war began. More important, it hopes to work out agreements to buy U.S. grain for the next decade in order to overcome chronic meat shortages. Moscow also needs easier access to sophisticated American industrial equipment. To facilitate growth in U.S.-Soviet trade, which amounted to only \$217 million last year, the Soviets are likely to clear up their old Lend-Lease debt of \$800 million. That, in turn, could help qualify Russia for most-favored-nation status and give Moscow access to U.S. credit. The trade negotiations will be long and complicated, but it is possible that Nixon and Brezhnev may sign a maritime accord that would open more ports to each other's shipping.

COOPERATIVE VENTURES. U.S. and Russian diplomats have been negotiating on treaties that would replace rivalry with cooperation in two specific areas. One is a space treaty, which would provide for a uniform docking mechanism so that spacecraft of one nation could link up with those of the other for joint flight or rescue. The other is a naval agreement that would end the "chicken of the sea" games of near-miss tag, which U.S. and Soviet warships have been playing for years on the world's oceans.

EAST-WEST DÉTENTE. In the wake of West Germany's ratification of the Moscow and Warsaw treaties (see TIM WEEKLY), the Soviets are expected to press for further relaxation in Europe. Nixon, who also wants to maintain the momentum, is especially interested in the signing of the new four-power agreement on the improved status of West Berlin, which will guarantee unimpeded access between the city and West Germany, 110 miles away. In principle, the President has no objection to the convocation of the Soviet-backed Conference on European Security, which would confirm the existing borders of Europe. But Nixon is expected to insist that balanced U.S. and Soviet troop pullbacks from Europe must be an important element of settlement. There is also a possibility that Nixon may sign a renunciation-of-force treaty with Moscow as a gesture of good will.

THE MIDDLE EAST. On this issue, the two sides will probably do nothing more than agree to disagree. Neither wants a war there, but the Russians will certainly shrug off a U.S. request to limit arms aid to the Arabs to purely defensive weapons. Conversely, the U.S. will not abandon its support to Israel. Both sides agree that Israel should pull back from all occupied territories, but the Soviets want an imposed settlement, which the U.S. rejects.

VIET NAM. For years the Soviets have insisted that they had no control over Hanoi and no choice but to supply the North Vietnamese with arms to keep them out of Peking's influence. Nixon is not prepared to buy that. In essence he will ask Brezhnev: "What kind of superpower are you if you cannot control your allies?" As a precondition for U.S. cooperation in other areas, Nixon is likely to insist on a Soviet pledge to supply only defensive arms to North Viet Nam. If Brezhnev raises the question of what is to become of the twelve Soviet freighters stranded in Haiphong, Nixon is likely to reply that they will have to remain there until Hanoi accepts his peace proposal. Although Hanoi's Politburo depends upon Russia and China for supplies, it makes its own political decisions. Thus there is little that Moscow can do about the current offensive other than to urge them toward realistic negotiations.

Tripolar Alignment. Ironically, the most important political item was not on the agenda and would probably not even be mentioned in the formal talks. Yet the summit might never have taken place except for China. In private, though, Brezhnev is almost certain to try to find out from Nixon whether there were any secret agreements made during his China trip. The President can honestly reassure his Soviet counterpart on that point. Even so, there is no doubt that the new relationship with China has given Washington an advantage in the tripolar alignment. Previously Moscow was the only power that talked regularly with both Peking and



PLANTING FLOWERS FOR NIXON'S VISIT
Also a cleanup of dissenters.

Washington. But now Washington has better relations with the Chinese and Soviets than they have with each other. Despite some Russian claims to the contrary, there was no hard evidence that Nixon's mining operation had started a reconciliation between the two Communist giants, whose antipathy cuts far too deep for any quick patch-up.

The importance of the Moscow summit to the Soviet leadership is disguised by ideological rhetoric. In fact, one major reason why Brezhnev is eager for *détente* with the West is economic. For the first time, the Soviet Union is in the grip of a consumer revolution, a revolution that can no longer be ignored or satisfied by appeals for more sacrifices for Communism. Under Brezhnev, the Soviet citizen is aware of improving living standards. The average Russian family can buy a wider selection of clothing than ever before, and can eat plentifully, if plainly. Most Soviet workers now have enough surplus funds to save up for a movie camera, a refrigerator and a stereo set. Although Russia's housing shortage is still very acute, the waiting lists for apartments in the vast new residential complexes mushrooming on Moscow's outskirts have grown shorter.

So what else does the Soviet family want? More. Despite a ban on nearly all Western publications, most Russian citizens are aware that their standard of living lags far behind the West's. According to recent estimates, the average monthly take-home pay of a Soviet industrial worker is \$127 v. \$529 for his American counterpart, \$307 for a West German, \$253 for a Briton. Admittedly, the Russian worker has free social services unavailable to Americans, but the disparity still exists. Food costs are high. One Western calculation places the price of a food basket filled with 28 stan-

dard items at \$56 in Moscow compared with \$33 in New York, \$48 in Munich, and \$38 in London. In addition to prohibitively high prices, periodic shortages of meat, vegetables and fruits still persist throughout much of the Soviet Union. Because of planning snags and distribution muddles, the situation is much the same in clothing, shoes, household appliances and furnishings.

The consumer revolution has put great pressure on the regime to relocate the country's resources away from defense and other heavy industries to farm and consumer production. At present, however, such a shift by itself would have limited impact, since Soviet industry has arrived at that critical stage of development in which manpower and investment resources are insufficient to make possible dramatic production gains. Instead, it must seek production gains through increased productivity, which calls for better technology and better management.



Just as the Soviets once mythologized the tractor and the assembly line as the magic elements that would help Russia overcome its backwardness, they are now placing a mystical faith in modern technology as the solution to their myriad of problems. The Russians have even done a complete turnabout on computers, which for years they dismissed as both unnecessary and distinctly un-Marxist. Cybernetics, the old argument went, stressed technical and managerial facts rather than social and political forces as the decisive factors in administering societies.

The Soviets know that they can get the latest technology only from the West.* They want more Western automated machine tools for their auto and truck plants, computerized petrochemical processes for refineries, airport guidance systems and just about everything else that is needed to run a successful modernized country. The problem is that the Russians have few finished goods they can sell to the West to finance such gigantic purchases. Hence they must barter raw materials, notably the rich natural-gas deposits of Siberia, and line up huge long-term credits.

Mutual Benefit. Even if the Soviets get all the technology they want, there is no guarantee that it will solve their problems. One of the root causes of the Russian economic problem is overcentralization and political interference in what should be purely business decisions. "Even if advanced technology is imported from the West, it cannot be properly applied in the present system," declared one visiting U.S. scientist recently. "The party gets in the way."

Yet the opportunity to share in America's modern industrial revolution is one of the major enticements that Nixon will offer. It fits well into his general strategy, which is to seek to enlist the Soviets in undertakings of mutual

*They have made use of Western technology before. Joseph Stalin's first Five-Year Plan, which began in 1928 and aimed at the industrialization of Russia, depended heavily on both Western equipment and experts. By 1931, more than 1,000 U.S. technicians and engineers were employed in the Soviet Union. Henry Ford built a factory in Russia that was capable of turning out 100,000 vehicles a year, including Model A Fords.

KHRUSHCHEV & NIXON WITH BREZHNEV



benefit, so that each side will have a stake in maintaining good relations. As Kissinger put it after his return from his secret trip to Moscow: "We are on the verge of not just success in this or that negotiation, but of what could be a new relationship of benefit to all mankind, a relationship in which on both sides, whenever there is a danger of crises, there will be enough people who will have a commitment to constructive programs that they could exercise a restraining influence."

Certainly, that ambitious goal will not be achieved by one meeting of two political leaders, no matter how well they get along. Time and again, would-be negotiators from the West have been enraged and frustrated by the Soviets' capacity to back off from an agreement at the last possible moment or undermine it later. Goals and policies in the all but unknown deliberations of the Politburo can change overnight.

Before their own people Brezhnev and his colleagues must maintain a

stance that is in accord with the Communist propaganda that continually exhorts the Soviets to be on guard against Western imperialism. Still, they have shown that they, rather like their guest this week, are essentially pragmatists. How much leeway do the Soviet leaders have today in changing old and outmoded positions? And to what extent do they really want to? Those will be the questions in the President's mind as he faces Leonid Brezhnev this week across the table in St. Catherine's Hall.

Brezhnev: The Rise of an Uncommon Communist

WHEN Leonid Brezhnev replaced Nikita Khrushchev in Russia's top job eight years ago, Kremlinologists tended to agree that the obscure new First Secretary of the Communist Party was just another faceless nullity in the gray mass of Soviet bureaucrats. They were wrong, of course. At 65 the Soviet leader has emerged as a shrewd, robust, forceful and even dashing personality, with a love of fast cars and a zest for life. On the same stage with him, other Politburo members almost seem like part of the furniture.

Different as they are, Brezhnev and Nixon could admire their mutual skill at political maneuver and their long, hard way up to power. Brezhnev's triumph springs from a mixture of perseverance, hard work and calculation—plus an ample measure of good luck. The child of Russian working-class parents, he was born in the Ukrainian town now known as Dneprodzerzhinsk. He had the right proletarian qualifications for Soviet success, but his early career was not singularly promising. After graduating from a trade school in Kursk, he held a series of unspectacular jobs: land surveyor, factory worker, school director.

In 1931 Brezhnev formally joined the Communist Party and spent much of the next four years doing part-time studies in metallurgical engineering. Then came Stalin's great purge, which swept hundreds of thousands of loyal Communists into prison. Brezhnev was too insignificant a party member to be among the victims. But the terror left a vacuum in the party leadership that helped Brezhnev—like his colleague Premier Aleksei Kosygin—achieve a position of influence quite out of proportion to his age and experience. In 1939, at the age of 33, he became a party leader of a major industrial region in the Ukraine.

During World War II, Brezhnev was a political officer in charge of propaganda in a front-line army. He was promoted from colonel to major general, and won several combat medals. After the war, Brezhnev held a series of party jobs that honed and broadened his organizational skills. As chief of the

Moldavian party he completed the collectivization of peasants formerly under Rumanian rule. In 1952 his success in carrying out such unglamorous tasks bore fruit. Brezhnev finally broke into the Kremlin establishment as an alternate member of the Presidium (now the Politburo) under Stalin and as a Secretary of the Central Committee.

After the dictator's death, Brezhnev owed his advancement to Khrushchev, who had recognized his abilities and loyalty in the Ukraine. Khrushchev entrusted his protégé with supervision of his vast "Virgin Lands" agricultural scheme and later made him a full Presidium member and gave him the prestigious but honorific title of Chief of State. Finally, Khrushchev gave him power second only to his own in the party. Thus entrenched, and now a master of Kremlin power politics, Brezhnev became a leading member in the plot to oust his patron. Within hours of Khrushchev's fall, Brezhnev slipped into the slot of party chief. Since that time, he has succeeded in outmaneuvering and outdistancing his principal opponents in the Politburo—notably, Alexander Sholepin and Nikolai Podgorniy. He has also managed to take over many of Premier Kosygin's functions.

Brezhnev has a well-developed taste for little luxuries. He keeps a Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud for his personal use, although he rides a Soviet-made ZIL limousine on state occasions. While Khrushchev was sometimes a sartorial slob, Brezhnev has some regard for his image, and is usually impeccably arrayed in well-tailored, single-breasted suits and a pearl gray, flat-top Homburg. His daughter Galina is a researcher for Moscow's U.S.A. Institute, the Soviet center for the study of American affairs, while son Yuri is an official in the Foreign Trade Ministry. In Moscow, Brezhnev and his wife Viktoria live at 26 Kutuzovskiy Prospekt in a six-room flat conveniently sandwiched between the apartments of Secret Police Chief Yuri Andropov, below, and of Minister of Public Order Nikolai Shchelokov, above. In leisure hours, Brezhnev indulges in his favorite pastime, hunting



BREZHNEV DURING WORLD WAR II

boar, deer and duck on hunting preserves kept for high officials. He is often seen at soccer games fervently rooting for his team, the Central Army Club.

Like Khrushchev, Brezhnev is given to fits of anger, but his outbursts are often mixed with floods of tears and sentiment. An indefatigable greeter, Brezhnev has a tendency to bear-hug visitors in the Russian fashion. His ebullience, apparent good health and present success may assure him of another decade of political life. Still, he complains of insomnia. "The problems of the day don't stop spinning in my head at night," he said recently. He is certain to suffer many more restless nights as he attempts to solve the myriad problems that beset Soviet society. Brezhnev is not a liberal, and will not tolerate any diversity of ideas in the Soviet Union. But he is a modernizer and is increasingly intolerant of inefficiency and discomfort in the work and the life of the Soviet people. Whether he succeeds in solving Russia's internal problems or not, his place in history is already assured by the arresting changes in Soviet foreign policy that now offer hope for the reversal of the glacial course of the cold war.



WALLACE AT LAUREL BEFORE THE SHOOTING



BREMER (IN DARK GLASSES) OPENING FIRE IN THE CROWD

POLITICS

George Wallace's Appointment in Laurel

THE tableau seemed gruesomely familiar: the flags and fustian, the candidate prowling through crowds attended by hard-eyed men not quite in control, the people reaching out to touch him. Then, abruptly, the little black gun exploding like a birthday-party favor—*pup pup pup pup pup* in a smudge of gunsmoke. The candidate would capsize backward, the cameras would catch a wild, stricken frieze as his young wife knelt over him, staining her suit with his blood, and the bodyguards, an instant too late, would wrestle down some strange little drifter with a pistol welded to his hand.

Except that this time the victim survived. There would be no lying in state, no funeral train, no mournful services for the nation to attend by television. Like Tom Sawyer at his own funeral, Alabama's George Corley Wallace could savor both obsequies and survival. The morning after the shooting last week in a Maryland shopping center, Wallace, half-paralyzed, could lie in his hospital bed and feistily ask an aide: "Whatja got me scheduled for today?" The next day he would read the news of his primary triumphs in Maryland and Michigan.

If the attack was not fatal, it was a severe trauma—not only to Wallace but also to the nation's democratic process. Again, it raised the old questions of violence in America, of whether political candidates in a democracy dared to risk campaigning face to face with the people (see *TIME* Essay, page 26). The gunshots at Laurel, Md., also jarred the 1972 campaign into a new perspective. It seemed more certain now that Edward Kennedy would be out of consid-

eration as a convention draft choice to break a deadlock between Hubert Humphrey and George McGovern. Anxiety about the infection of example led one official of the Democratic National Committee to comment: "After this, a Kennedy draft would be like asking a man to commit suicide."

The shooting also ensured that George Wallace will now haunt the 1972 campaign in a new and unpredictable way. With a resilience that was almost Snopesian, Wallace accomplished martyrdom and resurrection in a matter of hours. His strong, ex-boxer's body took four or five .38-cal. slugs, one of which remained planted in his spinal canal. The attack endowed Wallace with a new kind of stature. Although his doctors gave him only a marginal chance of walking again, editorial writers were quick to recall that F.D.R. campaigned with his legs paralyzed.

Popsicles. In any case, Wallace was determined to go on, and his followers across the nation were inspired by adversity. Fresh recruits hurried into his campaign offices to volunteer. With his victories in the Maryland and Michigan primaries, he could go to the Democratic Convention or send his ambassadors there—armed with some 400 delegate votes. What he might do with that strength is difficult to foretell.

Wallace has always known what passions he aroused. From his earliest days as Governor of Alabama, standing in a schoolhouse door in 1963 to bar black students, or vowing "Segregation now, segregation tomorrow, segregation forever," he has deliberately chosen race hatred as his theme. After one unsuccessful contest in the '50s, he

promised: "I'll never be out-niggered again." Wallace has sometimes been haunted by the danger of assassination.

He was worried about Maryland. "Somebody's going to get killed before this primary is over," he told a friend recently, "and I hope it's not me." In Hagerstown three weeks ago, young whites and blacks disrupted his speech to the point that police had to be called in. As Wallace left a rally the next week in Frederick, a brick hit him in the chest. That same day, University of Maryland students threw Popsicles at him.

Last week, Wallace's final day of campaigning before the primary had not been going well. At the Wheaton shopping plaza north of Washington, tomatoes and eggs arced out of the crowd as Wallace spoke at a noontime rally.

SUPPORTERS' VIGIL OUTSIDE HOSPITAL





WIFE CORNELIA WALLACE KNEELING OVER WOUNDED GOVERNOR

As his entourage rolled into the Laurel shopping center at 3:15 for another rally, Wallace knew that he was in unfriendly country.

About 2,000 people had gathered on the parking lot in front of a specially erected stage. Everywhere were Maryland county police, Secret Service men and Wallace's own bodyguards. In place, as always, was Wallace's special, 600-lb. bulletproof podium, draped in red, white and blue.

Country-and-western Singer Billy Grammer and his three sidemen were warming up the crowd with *Gotta Travel On* and *Detroit City*. Grammer zinged his electric guitar into a sprightly *Dixie*, and there was Wallace, smiling, with his customary "Hi, folks!" It was an odd intersection of Southern neighborliness and danger—police gazes raking the crowd and Wallace all but lost behind his armor-plating.

Wallace was not at his best that day. When he took out in his standard speech after those "pointy-headed intellectuals who can't park their bicycles straight," his voice cracked. Time and again he referred to "Princess George County";

Laurel is in Prince Georges County. From the rear, collegians laughed and shouted: "Go back to Alabama. You don't even know where you are."

Wallace plunged on—against "social schemers" and "ultra-false liberals." After 50 minutes, he advised the folks to vote in the primary "to shake the eyeteeth of the Democratic Party. Let's give 'em the St. Vitus dance. And tell 'em a vote for George Wallace is a vote for the average citizen."

Rapid Fire. The applause was thunderous. As Billy Grammer and his men plugged their instruments into amplifiers again, Wallace walked down the steps from the stage and decided to shake a few hands, as he often does after speeches. An aging woman near by, in Wallace blouse and Wallace hat, shouted groupie-fashion: "Over here, George, over here!" He took off his jacket and handed it to an aide, then moved to his left to work down a line of supporters behind a cordon. "Nice to see ya," he said. "Nice to see ya."

Among the crowd, in opaque sunglasses and short, pale blond hair, was a 21-year-old from Milwaukee named Arthur Bremer. Almost a parody of the failed young loners from rented rooms who seem to end up assassinating American politicians, Bremer had apparently been stalking Wallace for weeks (see story, page 22). Now, as Wallace moved easily through the crowd, Bremer suddenly thrust his arm through a ring of onlookers. In rapid fire, about 18 inches from his target, he blasted five shots from his snub-nosed revolver. Even as he was shooting, security men jammed his arm downward and fell on him.

Wallace flipped back onto the asphalt and lay there, conscious but stunned. Blood streamed from his right arm, and oozed through his shirt at the lower right ribs. Alabama State Trooper Captain E.C. Dorthard, wounded in the stomach, fell in front of TIME correspondent Joseph Kane. Near by, Secret Service Agent Nicholas Zarvos



BREMER IN CUSTODY AFTER THE ATTACK

clutched a wound in his throat. Dora Thompson, a local Wallace worker, slumped to the ground with a bullet in her right leg. Billy Grammer's rendition of *Under the Double Eagle* stopped in mid-bar. As a blanket of police smothered Bremer, there were shrieks and isolated cries of "Kill him! Kill him!"

Though ashen from shock and loss of blood, Wallace never lost consciousness. After a seemingly interminable ten minutes, an ambulance arrived. Then it was 25 more minutes from Laurel to Holy Cross Hospital in Silver Spring, Md. Wallace spent much of the time consoling his terrified wife Cornelia.

By nightfall, a team of Holy Cross surgeons were at work on Wallace. Four, perhaps all five of the bullets had struck him. Two apparently passed through his right arm and shoulder; another glanced off his left shoulder blade. One crashed through his abdomen, perforating his stomach and nicking his large intestine; it was removed.

But the real problems came from a slug that entered the fluid-filled spinal canal and came to rest head downward opposite the first lumbar vertebra, just at the waist. At week's end the doctors still could not say whether the bullet severed all or part of the bundle of nerves that carries impulses from the lower body to the brain. But in any case, the effect could be devastating. The very impact of the bullet probably bruised the delicate nerve tissue severely, causing grave injury. Wallace reported no feeling in his legs; neither his bladder nor his bowels were functioning voluntarily. Even after the bullet is removed, the doctors have only "slim hope" that Wallace will be able to walk without at least the aid of braces.

News of the shooting flashed across the nation galvanically. From previous experience in such affairs, many Americans automatically assumed that Wallace would not survive. Hubert Humphrey and George McGovern instantly suspended campaigning. Humphrey,



THE NATION

who had been electioneering in Baltimore, went immediately to the hospital to console Mrs. Wallace. "I don't know," he said disconsolately. "We didn't seem to learn anything four years ago." President Nixon dispatched Presidential Physician William Lukash to Holy Cross. He also ordered immediate Secret Service protection for Ted Kennedy as well as for Representatives Shirley Chisholm of New York and Wilbur Mills of Arkansas.

Between Traumas. Immediately, the long-dormant issue of gun control came alive again, just as it had in 1968 after Bobby Kennedy and Martin Luther King Jr. were shot down. As the *Atlanta Constitution* observed, it seemed lost on Wallace supporters that the issues of gun control and law-and-order were intertwined, not mutually exclusive principles. After Laurel, a Senate subcommittee on juvenile delinquency voted out a proposal that would outlaw the public sale of "Saturday night specials," cheap and ubiquitous pistols. But the bill will still meet tough opposition in the Judiciary Committee, which has not been sympathetic to gun control in the past, and on the Senate floor, where National Rifle Association lobbyists have consistently frustrated such legislation. Says Illinois Representative Abner Mikva: "In between traumas, nobody seems to care much."

One of the first reactions to the Wallace attack was "Thank God it wasn't done by a black man." It is difficult to predict what racial vengeance that might have stirred. As it was, some blacks reacted to the news with satisfaction, or even a bitter glee. A black Humphrey worker in Baltimore said after the shooting: "I'm celebrating tonight. As far as I'm concerned, that little cracker bastard was shot 52 years too late. If you live by disrespecting the law, you will die by it." Roy Innis, head of the Congress of Racial Equality, said: "You might say this was the chicken come home to roost. But that would be unkind." Most other blacks, however, remembering the assassinations of Malcolm X and Martin Luther King Jr., simply deplored more violence. Said the Rev. Jesse Jackson: "Killing can no longer be justified, whether it is in Viet Nam or Maryland or Memphis."

As a sheer political happening, the shooting of George Wallace was melodramatically timed. The very next morning, the voters of Michigan and Maryland went to the primary polls to give Wallace two of the most impressive victories of his career. In Maryland, Wallace took 39% of the vote, trailed by Humphrey with 27% and McGovern with 22%.

In Michigan, the two major candidates had all but conceded the primary to Wallace. The losing issue was too hot. But the surprise was the extraordinary breadth of Wallace's victory. He came in with 51% of the vote, v. 27% for McGovern and a humiliating 16% for Humphrey.

Cornelia: Determined to "Make Do"

HER dark eyes misty but her soft voice carefully controlled, Cornelia Wallace courageously faced television cameras shortly after the shooting of her husband. She proclaimed his determination to recover: "He didn't earn the title of 'the Fighting Little Judge' for nothing." She had passed the word that the Governor would continue to campaign "in a wheelchair if necessary," and that in the meantime she was willing to carry on for him on the campaign trail. Those who know Cornelia Wallace well are confident that her special blend of charm and toughness would make her a highly effective substitute.

The political role would be a new one for Cornelia. Since their marriage 16 months ago, she has mainly preferred just to walk on with George, wave to the crowd and be there at day's end to provide what she has called "the emotional response" that he needs when he gets so "very lonely" while traveling. Cornelia, who is 33 (19 years younger than her husband), is smart, ambitious for both him and herself and experienced in the ways of politics. Although she sees herself more as "a Huck Finn" than "a Southern belle," her favorite fictional heroine is Scarlett O'Hara. "You saw what she did with that lumber company," Cornelia recently recalled. "When she had to, she took over that business and made a success of it. She made do for herself." In the face of her husband's probably permanent paralysis, Mrs. Wallace is determined to "make do" for him.

Cornelia first met Wallace at a party in the Alabama Governor's mansion when her uncle James ("Kissin' Jim") Folsom was a party-loving Governor and she was only eight years old. "My two little cousins and I were peeping down the stairs in our nightgowns and

the Wallaces saw us. They walked up the stairs and talked to us and held us." At the time, Wallace, a state legislator, was married to his first wife, Lurleen, who died of cancer in 1968 after succeeding him as Governor in the same mansion.

A country girl actually raised in a log cabin in Elba, Ala. ("We used to go fishing for mud fish in the Pea River—that's what it was called"), Cornelia heard constant talk of politics from her twice-widowed mother, Ruby Folsom Ellis Austin, who served as official hostess for her brother before he remarried. Cornelia's father, Charles G. Ellis, a civil engineer, died in 1960. At Montgomery's Methodist Huntingdon College and Florida's Rollins College, Cornelia studied voice and piano. Then she slipped into what she calls "my little hillbilly jag." She sang and played guitar, toured Australia and Hawaii with Country Singer Roy Acuff, and wrote and performed two recorded songs for MGM: *It's No Summer Love and Baby with the Barefoot Feet*.

Her tawny good looks and shapely legs (she is 5 ft. 6 in., one inch shorter than George) carried her to the semifinals of a Miss Alabama contest before she became the star of the Cypress Gardens water ski show in Florida—and married John Snively III, a millionaire whose family at one time owned the Gardens. After seven years of marriage and two sons, Jim and Josh,

"As colorful a character as her brother Jim, Ruby Folsom was seen by some as a possible competitor of her daughter's for Wallace's affections. "Shooout, honey," scoffed Ruby, who is nearly six feet tall. "He ain't even titty high." After she campaigned for George this year in Florida, some on the Wallace staff seemed to consider her an embarrassment, and she was miffed. "Ah'm scared they're gonna tell George ah was drinkin' too much and showin' my fanny," she told a Washington Post reporter.

In a survey for TIME by the attitude research firm of Daniel Yankelovich, Inc., 66% of voters interviewed at the polls said that crime and violence was one of the primary issues of the campaign—which may have been in part a reflection of the Wallace shooting the afternoon before. The poll also disclosed that, as seemed to be the case in Maryland, there were few voters who switched to Wallace in sympathy over the shooting. Reports TIME Correspondent Gregory Wierzynski: "Interviews with Wallace voters left me with the impression that the man had grown into something much bigger than the regional candidate he was in Wisconsin. An impressive number of people expressed genuine admiration, almost reverence, for Wallace."

Humphrey was the day's big loser. In two states where labor and blacks

—his old allies—are important, he averaged a meager one-fifth of the vote. It was a bad omen as Humphrey looked forward to California on June 6. His coalition showed at least some signs of disintegration.

Stand-ins. Wallace's political future is unpredictable. Last week was certainly the crest of his ill-planned but impressive drive through the primaries. All through the spring, in fact, Wallace has had the air of a man astonished by his own successes, with his ramshackle organization, one basic, evangelical speech and paper buckets to take up the collection, his victories have left him wondering whether he should not have attempted more. There were no primary states left in which he had arranged extensive campaigns even before the shooting—although last week from his hospital room he ordered his men to go

the Snivelys were divorced in 1969.

Although Wallace had beaten Folson in a primary election for Governor in 1962, he still remained friends with Cornelia and her mother. About a year after Lurleen died, he began calling Cornelia and saying, "I think I'll just come over for a few minutes." To avoid publicity, the two at first dated only at her home or at little-known restaurants. She found him "very appealing and very physical," but also "very Victorian." He still "won't even say the word sexy," she notes, and he will not let her wear her skirts as short as she would like. But otherwise he lets her pursue such high-spirited diversions as driving the pace car for the Indianapolis 500 at 100 m.p.h. She has regretted not being able to see their children (Wallace has four) much while campaigning, but has told them: "Your father's work must come first. You've got to mold your life around his."

Although Cornelia has never interfered with her husband's political operations, she seems tougher than his Governor-wife Lurleen. Learning that one of Wallace's aides was poor-mouthed his chances of becoming President, she braced the man, threatened to get him fired if he expressed such a sentiment again.

When George failed to introduce her as the two met some guests at one political meeting, she turned to a group of reporters and snapped: "Does he think I'm a little doll he can drag around all day and then just pull a string when he wants to?" Yet such moods pass swiftly, and Cornelia seems totally devoted to George and his career. "God made woman for man as a companion," she contends. As two other Southern Governors noted privately last week, George Wallace has an excellent chance for political survival because his companion is Cornelia.

CORNELIA & GEORGE IN HOSPITAL AFTER LAST WEEK'S PRIMARY VICTORIES



ahead with more rallies and TV ads in Rhode Island, Oregon and New Mexico. In California, local groups have organized a write-in campaign. Where public appearances are called for, Wallace's men are setting up a kind of speaker's bureau of stand-ins. Among the volunteers: former California Superintendent of Public Instruction Max Rafferty, now a dean at Alabama's Troy State University, and Georgia's Lieut. Governor Lester Maddox.

It may be that Cornelia Wallace herself would make the perfect stand-in if George's convalescence will not permit him to get around (see box). It would hardly be a novel solution for Wallace, who ran his first wife Lurleen for Governor of Alabama when he ran into a state constitutional snag about succeeding himself in 1966.

It is possible that Wallace's week

of pain and victory will recede into comparative political unimportance as the primary campaign swings into crucial two-man contests between Humphrey and McGovern next month in delegate-rich California and New York. McGovern's aides expect their candidate to win California, with its winner-take-all package of 271 delegates, and follow that with a big delegate harvest in New York. Expecting that enough uncommitted and Muskie delegates will join them, McGovern's supporters hope to muster the required 1,509 delegates on the first ballot at Miami Beach. Says McGovern Adviser Mike Feldman: "He won't have to deal with Wallace at all."

Humphrey's camp plans on roughly the reverse scenario. But a number of Democratic professionals can envision a situation in which McGovern and

Humphrey each fetch up 300 or 400 delegates short of the nomination. "In the absence of a first-ballot nomination for McGovern," says one Democratic official, "Wallace and his votes could be a major factor in determining what happens on the second ballot."

But it is difficult to imagine what kind of accommodation either McGovern or Humphrey could make with George Wallace. Neither would bend very far to Wallace on civil rights. Some have suggested that one of them might somehow wind up with Wallace as a running mate, but even in a curious political year, the idea seemed farfetched. Yet according to one shrewd Southern observer, the vice presidency may be exactly what Wallace has in mind. Says South Carolinian Harry Dent, a political adviser to President Nixon: "He'd like to get a platform he can crow over. But he knows that platforms don't amount to much. He wants somebody to bend over him and say 'Uncle.' He wants respectability. I think he sees visions of a vice-presidential nomination."

Go Ahead. Very probably Wallace himself does not know what he will do. If he recuperates sufficiently to return to action, even from a wheelchair, he has other options. Most dramatically he could bolt from the party, run in the general election as an independent candidate, and try to throw the election into the House, where he might hope to strike a bargain in exchange for his support. He would cut into the Democrats' blue-collar strength in the North, yet he would also cost Richard Nixon crucial electoral votes in the South. Harry Dent claims that the Republicans would suffer more from a third-party Wallace candidacy, while Democratic National Chairman Lawrence O'Brien says that the Democrats stand to lose the most.

Apart from affecting Wallace's prospects, the Laurel shooting raised depressing questions about the future of political campaigning in the U.S. Would candidates more and more retreat from crowds, withdrawing to armored podiums and television studios in fear that another Bremer or Sirhan or Oswald might be waiting? There seemed no sign of that for the present. Both George McGovern and Hubert Humphrey indicated last week that they would have to continue campaigning as before. Each candidate is now protected by squads of Secret Service men, at a cost of \$200,000 a month for each detail, yet there seems ultimately no way of guaranteeing a public man's safety.

The morning after Wallace was shot, President Nixon was walking outside the White House and deliberately plunged into a crowd of tourists. One man said pointedly: "It is good of you to come out in public, Mr. President." Another tourist stood beside Nixon and asked a friend to take their picture together. Without thinking, Nixon smiled and replied: "Go ahead and shoot."

The Making of a Lonely Misfit

IN late November 1963, a reclusive 13-year-old boy named Artie Bremer sat transfixed before the TV screen watching the coverage of the assassination of John F. Kennedy. Suddenly there on the screen was Jack Ruby busting through a ring of bodyguards to shoot down Lee Harvey Oswald in cold blood. "I remember us watching that on TV together," recalls the boy's father, William Bremer. "Art was impressed with it. Could that have anything to do with what happened?"

Like Ruby, Bremer insinuated himself into the crowd surrounding his victim and, with no chance of escape, boldly broke through to accomplish his grim deed before the TV cameras. The difference is that Bremer, a failure at almost everything he tried, was unsuccessful even as an assassin.

The second youngest of five children, Arthur Herman Bremer was born on Aug. 21, 1950 and raised in a shabby, working-class corner of Milwaukee's South Side. According to court and various social service agency records, the Bremers were a problem family in which parental quarreling and neglect were common.

Various described as "strange," "withdrawn," "uncommunicative" and "incredibly defensive," Artie Bremer had no close friends and rarely, if ever, acknowledged neighbors' greetings. His younger brother Roger, 18, says that Arthur, a short (5 ft. 7 in.), husky youth who lifted weights, "just stayed in all the time and had his own views. Ma got on him when he wouldn't go out. He just hated her I guess. I don't think he likes me either."

An average student with a 106 IQ, Bremer went out for the junior varsity football team when he was a sophomore at South Division High School. Though he was never more than a bench-warming, third-string guard, he stuck the season out until his mother pressed him to give up the sport. "I told him I wanted him to quit," says Sylvia Bremer, "because it seemed that someone was always picking on him. He was strong and had big muscles, but he was too quiet to give those guys who were picking on him what they deserved." Mrs. Bremer, an orphan who never attended high school, says that she is not totally convinced that her son shot George Wallace. "It's not kosher, you know? Why did those Wallace people permit him to walk into the crowds? It's their fault as much as it is Arthur's—or whoever shot him."

William Bremer Sr., 58, a truck driver who is blind in his right eye, says that "Artie may be 21 but he is still a boy." Hunched over a glass of Anheuser beer in a dim South Side tavern last week, he grieved: "Oh, if only Artie'd shot me instead. I never pray, but last night I prayed and I prayed very hard." Bremer, a distraught, broken man who wore his silver-white hair in a ponytail until his wife cut it the day after the shooting, told TIME Correspondents William Friedman and Burton Pines that he also did something else he had not done in years. "I cried when this happened. I shouldn't say it, but I cried."

Perfect Frosting. His son was an "introvert" who desperately wanted to better himself, said William Bremer. Arthur's one passion was "books—books on math, books on psychology. He wasn't bright, but he read a lot and he passed most of his subjects. Honorable mention didn't mean nothing to him in a class. Jeez Christ, if his team didn't get a run or a score he'd come home and yell and kick at things." At other times "Artie baked a lot at home—cakes and cookies—and he made perfect frosting. He was a perfectionist.

Artie would decorate each cupcake from a pastry-frosting bag, and if I dipped my finger in the frosting he'd be mad as hell."

Then, wringing his large rough hands, Bremer said: "I used to pound it into my kids. 'You've got to find yourself, you've got to find yourself.' 'Aw, forget it,' Artie'd say. He never paid any attention to that. Yeah, I spanked my boys. Roger got his cracks, and Artie got his cracks too. He must have been very sick. None of us knew it. But he must have been a very sick person." Draining half his beer, William Bremer concluded: "I just hope to God that no parents have to go through this same thing with a boy. Rather he should have gone out and shot his father. Rather he should have shot me."

Childish. Shortly after his 21st birthday last year, Arthur left home and moved into a dingy, three-room apartment near Marquette University. He studied photography for nearly two semesters at the Milwaukee Area Technical College, briefly tried to go into business making large campaign-type buttons with various catch phrases. He worked half-days as a busboy at the exclusive Milwaukee Athletic Club and as a janitor at the Story Elementary School. Cutting himself off from his family, he slammed the door in his mother's face on the two occasions she tried to visit him. "Arthur did it to Wallace on our wedding anniversary," Sylvia Bremer says bitterly, "and he didn't even know it was our anniversary."

Last September, Arthur began dating Joan Pemrich, a 15-year-old high school freshman, telling her that she was his first girl friend. Says she: "He didn't act like a 21-year-old. He didn't know how to bowl or rollerskate. I don't think he knew how to do anything." Bremer impressed her as "weird" and "childish" by insisting that they talk about her "hang-ups." One hang-up was her refusal to accompany him to pornographic movies. "He really needed some kind of love," she says of their breakup, "but it wasn't going to come from me."

Soon Bremer's behavior became increasingly erratic. On Nov. 18 he was arrested for carrying a concealed .38-cal. revolver. The arresting officer claimed that Bremer was "completely incoherent"; a court-appointed physician judged him "dull" but legally sane. Bremer paid a fine of \$38.50. On Jan. 13, the day that George Wallace declared his candidacy, Bremer purchased another .38-cal. revolver, a five-shot, snub-nosed model, at a Milwaukee gun shop for \$80. Bill Heeley, the *maitre d'hôtel* at the Milwaukee Athletic Club, recalls that Bremer shaved off his longish blond hair at about that same time. "When I asked why, he said his girl friend 'didn't pay any attention to me, so I went out and shaved. Now she'll pay attention to me.'" On Feb. 16 Bremer left his job.

The actions of Arthur Bremer thereafter are sketchy. About May 9 a



BREMER'S OLDEST BROTHER & FATHER

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Wallace campaign worker, Mrs. Janet Petrone, says that Bremer visited Wallace headquarters in Silver Spring, Md., and offered to work on the campaign. On May 13, in Kalamazoo, Mich., he reportedly parked his car across the street from an armory where Wallace was scheduled to speak and sat there for more than ten hours. Responding to a "suspicious-subject" call, police questioned Bremer, who satisfied them with the explanation that he was there early to get a good seat at the rally.

On May 15 Bremer turned up in Wheaton, Md., for a noon appearance by Wallace at a shopping-center rally. Mrs. Petrone says that when she saw Bremer, who was wearing a red, white and blue striped shirt and a WALLACE '72 button, he said: "Hi, babes. How's it going?" At 2:15 p.m., William Taaffe, a reporter for the Washington *Evening Star*, saw Bremer at the Laurel rally 16 miles away. At 3:58 p.m. Wallace was gunned down with a .38-cal. revolver belonging to Arthur Bremer.

Daydreams. Searches of Bremer's effects showed the mystery of the man. In his messy apartment were Wallace campaign buttons, a Confederate flag, boxes of shells, old high school themes (see box), pornographic magazines, Black Panther literature, tax forms giving his 1971 income as \$1,611, a booklet entitled *101 Things To Do in Jail* and various newspaper clippings, including one on the difficulty of providing security for campaigning politicians. In notebooks and on scraps of paper there were such notations as "My country tiz of thee, sweet land of bigotry" and "Happiness is hearing George Wallace sing the national anthem, or having him arrested for a hit-and-run accident." In one muddled note entitled "A Critique of My Life," Bremer wrote: "TV radio the big books more books and more masturbation sex fantasy daydreams of the father reading newspapers looking at my parents."

Police described Bremer's car as a "hotel on wheels." In it they found blankets, pillows, binoculars, a woman's umbrella, a tape recorder, a portable radio with police band, an electric shaver, photographic equipment, a 1972 copy of *Writer's Yearbook*, two books on the assassination of Robert Kennedy entitled *Sirhan* and *RFK Must Die*, and a Browning 9-mm. semiautomatic pistol. With no hard evidence to support the possibility that Bremer was a hired assassin, investigators say that the merchandise in his car indicates that Bremer, who had only \$2 in his pocket when he was arrested, might have financed his travels through petty thievery.

Bremer now faces a possible maximum penalty of life imprisonment or death. Markedly docile and indifferent after his arrest, he had one burning question. While being driven to the Baltimore county jail on the night of the shooting, Bremer asked FBI agents: "How much do you think I'll get for my autobiography?"

Arthur Bremer's Notes from the Underground

As the scribbles found in his apartment indicate, Arthur Bremer considered himself something of a writer. One of his most telltale works is a theme written in October 1968, during his senior year in high school. Entitled "Guitar," it begins by describing some weekly guitar lessons taken by a boy named Paul. The boy's instructor is George, who teaches at a Milwaukee music school at "twentieth and Greenfield." Midway, the theme abruptly turns to reflections on "Paul's" home life:

In all the families on television, the mother was a pretty high school graduate and never thought of not feeding her kids meals. The mothers of television always smiled at their kids and kissed their foreheads. My mother was not like that. My mother did not kiss me. She would not say "hello" to me after I came into the house from school.

I used to hate those television mothers. Now I hate Mom. I dreamed about Donna Reed, my television mother, cooking dinner for me and kissing my forehead.

If Dad were only married to Donna Reed! Man!

Dad was all right. He drove a lousy truck for a living. I thought he would be happy with Donna Reed. Dad did not have many friends. He only had Mom. So he would not leave her no matter what.

I remember how he would come home after work. He would be tired and have a hungry gut. He would complain that Mom was not feeding my younger brother or him or me. Mom would shout. Dad would swear, and my younger brother would cry. Mom and Dad threw things at each other. I could hear them even though I was in the bedroom and my pillow was over my ears. I tried to think about pretty Donna Reed while Dad shouted and swore.

I liked to think that I was living with a television family and there was no yelling at home, and no one hit me. Mom hit me. Mom hit me a lot when Dad was not around. I could see the bumps on my head when I got a short hair cut.

Kids at school laughed when they saw my bumpy head. They were having fun and something was funny. I

wanted to have fun. I laughed. Then they laughed harder.

"Hey Paul! Come here. Show us your duck walk!"

"Like this? Roger like..."

"Oh I can't stand it! Look at that dumb guy!"

"Quack. Like this Roger? Quack."

Roger was one of my best friends. I liked him, and I made him laugh. He made me smile and have good fun.

It was Wednesday again and I went to twentieth and Greenfield. George wanted to talk with my parents about getting rid of the plain guitar I rented from the music school. He wanted Dad to buy a \$215 electric guitar and amplifier. There were always a lot of expensive guitars on display at the music school.

Dad and I went to twentieth and Greenfield on Saturday, and I knew I was not going to get the guitar. Dad always said, "Live within your means," whenever he did not want to spend money. I stood beside Dad in the music school. I did not argue because I knew I was not going to get the dumb guitar. George and Dad talked a long time.

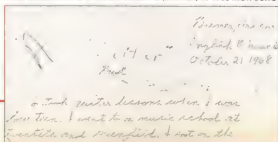
When they talked, I just looked at my shoe laces. I dreamed my shoe laces were big snakes and they were crawling up my legs, and it was dark, and I was lost in Africa, and Dad was too busy to save me. Mom was talking to that nice man next door, and they were smiling at each other and too busy for me. Donna Reed was pulling at the snakes to save me, but I did not care. I pushed Donna Reed away from me. I wanted to die. I wanted to be cremated and have the ashes thrown in George's face. I did not like Dad either.

When we left the music school, Dad and I did not say anything. Dad drove his old car to a few taverns and celebrated. He told everyone how he "fixed some smart guy that tried to start a fight with me."

Next day I threw a brick and broke the big display window at the music school. I ran fast and nobody knew who did it. George was crazy.

Bremer's teacher wrote: "An excellent creation of the troubled young man of today's and yesterday's world. You can be very proud of this work!" The grade marked on the paper: A.

PAGE FROM BREMER'S THEME & BREMER (CENTER) IN 1968 HIGH SCHOOL YEARBOOK



Did America Shoot Wallace?

NO sooner had the bullets from Arthur Bremer's pistol found their mark in George Wallace than another kind of withering fire was directed at the U.S. Declared New York Mayor John Lindsay: "The insane attack upon George Wallace is yet another terrible and inevitable example of the violence of our nation. From the needless neglect of our most pressing national needs, we have reaped a harvest of division, despair and death." In his New York Times column, Tom Wicker searched for an explanation of the assassinations among "violent western movies, the organized violence of professional football, the endless lines outside theaters showing *The Godfather*." The blasts from overseas were even more extravagant than usual. Said Milan's *Corriere della Sera*: "The U.S. is built on a structure of violence on every level. It is a perpetual state of siege that affects the whole society, from the mugger who kills a man for \$20 in a subway to the B-52 pilot who calmly exterminates thousands of yellow men in order to give liberty to Indochina."

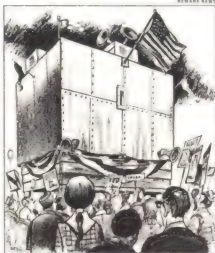
This quickly triggered reaction to the shooting of a prominent American politician raised more questions than it answered. Should the whole American society be condemned for the criminal act of one of its members, possibly one who is mentally ill? Do the American people bear the guilt for the handful of deranged assassins who have cut down in turn Medgar Evers, John Kennedy, Martin Luther King, Robert Kennedy and now George Wallace? How just an assessment is the view that America is, in some special way, an intrinsically violent nation?

There is little question that violence has risen in America in the past few years. It is in the air, in speech, in gesture. People are uneasy on the streets, uneasy in their inner selves. The crime rate—especially violent crime—has mounted alarmingly. No laws have stemmed the tide of handguns that make killing so simple. Authority, legitimate or otherwise, is under attack as never before. Talk about politics is often murderous ("Oswald, where are you now that we need you?"). The Viet Nam War has had a profound effect on the American psyche, not only conditioning it to violence but often creating its own antiwar violence at home.

Yet violent as it undeniably is, the U.S. has no monopoly on that tendency. If violence is as American as cherry pie, in that overcelebrated phrase, it is also as German as strudel, as Russian as borsch, as Japanese as sake. Last

week a bomb went off when the wife of a German Supreme Court Justice stepped on the accelerator of her Volkswagen; luckily she escaped with minor injuries from a left-wing plot against her husband. The week before, a top policeman in Milan was shot to death as he walked out of his apartment building. The list grows as long as one wants to make it: foreign diplomats held hostage and killed in peace-loving Sweden, eight Philippine senatorial candidates wounded by a hand grenade blast.

Despite the prevalence of violence elsewhere, however, there is something undeniably different about the American variety. The individualism of



"My fellow Americans . . ."

American assassins is what Europeans, and some Americans too, find hard to grasp. In other parts of the world, political assassination is usually the result of an elaborate plot. The object is to bring about a shift in power; it is a rational exercise, even if a murderous one.

No such plan appears to guide the American assassin. He acts on apolitical impulse. He is a pathetic loner—a Lee Harvey Oswald, a Sirhan Sirhan, an Arthur Bremer. "The would-be assassins have all been people who were mentally disturbed, living out of the mainstream of the political issues of the day," says John Spiegel, director of the Lemberg Center for the Study of Violence at Brandeis University. "They were people who lived in fantasy worlds with no real contact with their intended victim." The man they prefer to strike down is the charismatic leader of an aroused constituency, someone who brings excitement to politics as well as a sense of hope and movement.

Curiously, the assassins may not really hate the man they plot to kill. If

psychoanalysts can be believed, he is a surrogate victim, a replacement for the mother or father whom the killers would like to slay but dare not. "It's as if they have a latent need to be loved by the man they kill," notes Beverly Hills psychoanalyst Robert Dorn. Did Bremer hate Wallace? He had Wallace literature in his room and Wallace stickers on his car. Did he follow Wallace from rally to rally in order to kill him or because he was obsessed by him? The shooting has elements of a ritual emptied of emotion. Says William Crotty, a political scientist at Northwestern University: "Somehow, these people believe that if they can eliminate this one man, their own lives will magically improve."

To kill a prominent politician in one instant removes the stain of failure and testifies to an unqualified success. The assassin wins his footnote in history, becomes a somebody, shows that he is not to be laughed at. He has made it in America when everybody thought he was a hopeless outcast. He joins the mainstream. "In the U.S.," says Harvard Sociologist Seymour Lipset, "the thing that matters is who wins, no matter how. There is more emphasis on accomplishing something no matter what means are used."

Hence the vulnerability of the politician in America. He is too prominent, too exposed. The President, in particular, is the object of incessant attention. He does not have the protection of a strong political party that can take the blame for some of the things he does. There is no parliamentary system to share the burdens of office; the powers of Congress are atrophied. The President stands alone, a perfect target—and aspirants to his high office undergo the same fierce scrutiny.

That scrutiny has been enhanced by television. The political leader is always on view, with few chances for escape. Thus George Wallace makes a speech behind a bulletproof lectern—and then darts out to shake hands with a crowd that includes his would-be assassin, who seeks the same limelight. John Wilkes Booth, a professional actor, plotted to murder Abraham Lincoln in a theater where he would have a captive audience. Contemporary assassins are supplied with a much larger stage by television. They know that their deed, or its immediate aftermath, will be witnessed by millions of horror-struck citizens.

It is a spectacle hard to resist for a man who has been deprived of attention all his life. Marshall McLuhan has written hopefully of the global village of shared tastes and sympathies that television is creating. But along with the village has come the village idiot, vastly strengthened by technology, torn

loose from the mores that used to restrain him. He may not be able to keep up with the Joneses, but he can keep up with the Oswalds.

America cannot be completely absolved from responsibility for the assassinations, if only because it has created the conditions in which the killers live and flourish. Something in U.S. society leads them to favor one particular outlet, now morbidly familiar. The assassinations are, in a way, a reflection of the

emotionalism of life in America today: near-utopian expectations from American life and a spurned lover's disillusion when these expectations are unfulfilled. This is often combined with rootlessness, both geographic and moral. Cut off from any real community, the lonely men in rooming houses (but sometimes also on campuses or in the midst of prosperous suburbs) substitute fantasy for roots; life—and death—becomes equally unreal.

All this points to an aberration, partly the result of dizzying social change and the restless mobility of a free society, which urgently requires stabilization and saner, more civil politics. But it is not a national disease or a case of national guilt that deserves the world's condemnation. In the long run, it is more useful to try to understand America—no simple matter—than to write off the entire country as uncontrollably violent.

■ Edwin Warner

THE ADMINISTRATION

Raising Cattle, or—?

My basic commitment with the President stems from the conversation which we had in which I said I never had an employment contract in my life, and I didn't want one, and that I felt my employer should be free to ask me to leave any morning and I should be free to leave any afternoon. That's the way it has been and that's the way it is.

When John Connally made those off-the-cuff remarks, he had already served notice upon his most recent employer, President Richard M. Nixon. The subsequent announcement of his decision to resign as Secretary of the Treasury sent tremors through Washington. In the 15 months that he has worked as the only Democrat in Nixon's Cabinet, Connally emerged as an extraordinarily powerful figure in Washington and abroad. Tall, immaculately tailored, silver-haired and handsome—a sort of Florentine prince from Texas—Connally left the negotiators for great nations awed by his skill as a bargainer. His execution of a revamped U.S. international monetary policy was at once suave and tough; it was essentially his hard-line protectionist thinking that underpinned Nixon's devaluation of the dollar. Recently, in the face of some Cabinet uncertainty, Connally urgently backed the President's decision to mine Haiphong harbor. Yet last week, at the acme of his influence, Connally quit to return to Texas; he will be replaced at the Treasury by George P. Shultz, director of the Office of Management and Budget (see THE ECONOMY).

Just an Office. Why did Connally resign? Speculation abounds. When Nixon first signed him on, in December of 1970, the former Texas Governor agreed to hold the job for one year. At the President's behest he said that he would stay on for an additional six months, through June. Connally, it seems, never had any intention of remaining at his post through the election. He said, "This is just a place to have an office," and scarcely hid his growing disdain for fiscal details. Nellie Connally recently whispered to a visiting Texan friend in a Washington reception line: "We're coming home soon." Says one associate: "John is a

master at political timing. He's getting out before his enemies in Washington begin cutting him up."

Indeed, Connally's blustery, sometimes abrasive ways, coupled with his ready access to a usually inaccessible President, made him highly unpopular with more than a few in the Nixon circle. At a press awards dinner last week,

peal in the South. The President may well need Texas' 26 electoral votes, which Hubert Humphrey won in 1968 and which Connally could doubtless deliver in 1972.

President Nixon has some plans for Connally, anyway. After lavishly praising his departing Secretary, Nixon said that Connally will "undertake some



"Sorry to see you go, John (wink)—we'll miss you around here (nudge)..."

Secretary of Commerce Pete Peterson wryly alluded to Connally's penchant for poaching in other than Treasury preserves. Said Peterson: "Almost everybody is sorry to see him go. The State Department is having a going-away party; it is now in its 32nd hour."

There are others who were not entirely appreciative of Connally's preeminence. For months now Washington talk has swirled about the possibility that Connally would switch parties and replace Spiro Agnew as Nixon's running mate on the 1972 Republican ticket. Agnew is rumored to be disenchanted with his job, but pressed on the point at a news conference last week, his pique showed brightly. The Vice President snapped: "I just don't understand how anybody can seriously believe a man who is a registered Democrat in the middle of May in an election year can suddenly turn Republican and be nominated as Vice President at the Republican Convention. We have a lot of good Republicans the President can turn to—but Mr. Connally just isn't it."

Still it is no secret that Nixon could use him on the ticket for his regional ap-

temporary assignments; one of those will be announced when I return from Moscow." That rather mysterious pronouncement could mean that Nixon feels Connally is the man to negotiate the ultimate bargain with Moscow and Hanoi to conclude the Viet Nam War. Other speculation had it that the President plans to put Connally in a more permanent slot come January—as successor to Bill Rogers as Secretary of State. One way or another, Connally would like to be to Nixon's brand of conservative nationalism the kind of active eminence that John McCloy was to the liberal internationalism in vogue long after World War II.

Connally claims that he wants simply to return to his Floresville ranch, relax and enjoy the fruits of his lofty labors. Still, he makes no bones about his ambitions, and must still hanker after the No. 1 job. There is an old prairie bromide which says that at a certain age a Texan chooses between raising cattle and raising hell. Connally has all the cattle he needs; unquestionably he will choose to raise considerable political hell for some time to come.

THE WAR

What Is Giap Up To?

One by one, the 20 or 25 Communist bloc ships that had been steaming through the South China Sea toward North Viet Nam changed course. Three of them picked their way to anchorage in Hong Kong's crowded Victoria Harbor: Goize Delichev, flying the Bulgarian flag, and the East German freighters Heinz Kapelle and Gera, their main decks crowded with trucks that were to have been unloaded at Huiphong. When would the ships get under way again? Shrugged one East German seaman: "Not until the American offensive ends."

In Hué, where South Vietnamese forces waited for the long expected

DICK HOLSTEDT



THIEU & AGNEW IN SAIGON

Communist assault, ARVN soldiers casually siphoned gasoline out of their trucks and Jeeps in broad daylight. They knew that they could sell the gas to civilians for 40 piasters (33¢) a liter. In some areas of South Viet Nam, the word was out that the North Vietnamese, short of fuel for their thirsty trucks and Soviet-made tanks, were paying up to 80 piasters for gas.

As the all-out North Vietnamese offensive entered its eighth week, the gloom that had pervaded Washington and Saigon earlier in the month began cautiously to lift. Though the expected Communist strikes in the north and in the Central Highlands had yet to come, officials took comfort in the fact that South Viet Nam's battered armed forces seemed to be holding together, at least for the moment. There was also hope that the U.S. mining of North Viet Nam's harbors and the resumption of large-scale bombing of its military and logistics targets might prove as effective as President Nixon had promised. Admiral Elmo Zumwalt, who as Chief of Naval Operations is ultimately responsible for the massive armada (six carriers, five cruisers, 40 destroyers) that is enforcing Nixon's quasi-quarantine, declared that the flow of supplies into North Viet Nam would be "a trickle from now on."

Out of Steam? The most sanguine Administration assessment came from Spiro Agnew—not exactly a disinterested observer. After participating in Tokyo ceremonies that formally returned Okinawa to Japanese control, the Vice President paid a three-hour vis-

it to Saigon. Back in Washington, he briefed President Nixon on his trip, then told newsmen that Nixon's actions had reduced Communist capabilities to "only a couple more months of activity." Added Agnew: "We're coming out of the woods."

But were the North Vietnamese really running out of steam? To be sure, the elements of eleven divisions that General Vo Nguyen Giap has in South Viet Nam have been slow to capitalize on their successes in the Central Highlands and in the northern provinces. NVA tanks and artillery challenged the scanty defenses of Kontum last week, and the long-awaited attack on that vulnerable Highlands city might not be far off. But there was no sign of the expected push on Hué, the former imperial capital 24 miles south of Quang Tri, which is believed by allied strategists to be the main target of Giap's offensive. The four North Vietnamese divisions known to be in the area have made themselves so scarce that ARVN units have recently been dropping pajama-clad scouts into the countryside. Their assignment: find the evasive, ominously quiet enemy troops and call in the fighter bombers and B-52s.

"Smart" Bombs. Allied intelligence has been far from exact in predicting Giap's tactical efforts, and last week's pause in the action led to two quite contrary estimates of the battlefield situation. In the pessimistic view of the lull, Giap has not run out of steam but is slowly building his offensive to a new boil—timed, perhaps, to coincide with Nixon's arrival in Moscow. The other, more optimistic view is that the intensive American bombing has taken a fearful, debilitating toll of NVA men and matériel. In this view, moreover, the mining of seven Northern harbors—even though it has yet to affect the North Vietnamese invasion directly

DEFENSE DEPT. PHOTO BY AP



NORTH VIETNAMESE BRIDGE NEAR THANH HOA AFTER ATTACK BY U.S. JETS ARMED WITH LASER-GUIDED BOMBS. No challenge to the harbor mines, and an impressive score on the new bombing campaign.



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You need never make an ordinary rum drink again.**

RONRICO DAIQUIRI: 1 tsp. sugar, 1/2 oz. lime juice (or daiquiri mix), 1 1/2 ozs. Ronrico White Label Rum. Shake well with cracked ice. Strain into cocktail glass.
RONRICO ON THE ROCKS: Pour 2 ozs. Ronrico Gold Label over ice, garnish with twist of lemon or slice of lime. RONRICO DIABLO AZUL: 2 ozs. orange juice, 1 1/2 ozs. Ronrico White Label, 1/2 oz. Leroux Crème de Noyaux, 1/2 oz. Leroux Brandy. Mix—pour over cracked ice. Add float of Ronrico 151. Garnish.
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Mid-size Plymouth Satellite. The family car that doesn't look like one.

Despite Satellite's sporty looks, its size and features make it enough car for almost any family.

Satellite gives you plenty of room for six. And we've carved out enough trunk to hold a basket of laundry and a week's worth of groceries.

The standard 318 V-8 means you've got power when you need it for passing or freeway entrances, but it's also easy on your gas budget.

Yet Satellite gives you all this without turning a mid-size car into an over-size car. The wheelbase is only 115 inches. Which means Satellite's maneuverable in

city traffic. And easy to park, too.

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Plymouth Satellite.
Because we believe a family car should be functional — but not dull.



Coming through with the kind of car America wants.

—has forced the Communist commanders to husband their remaining fuel and ammunition.

New provisions, it is clear, are not getting through: the U.S. near-blockade has effectively sealed the ports—at least so far. None of the 27 cargo ships that remained in Haiphong harbor after the mines went "live" on May 11 have even tried to get to sea. Last week Anthony Lewis of the New York Times reported from North Viet Nam a Communist boast that the mines were being cleared from Haiphong and that ships were moving in and out (see THE PRESS). U.S. officials conceded that light wooden fishing vessels, which do not trigger the mines, pass in and out of the harbors. But they flatly denied that the North Vietnamese have made any effort to sweep the mines, or that any large ships have dared to challenge the quarantine.

As for the new bombing campaign, U.S. pilots in the first eleven days achieved an impressive score: 208

trucks, 116 boats, 201 railroad cars, 59 warehouses, 114 cuts in road or rail lines, plus the destruction of a key pipeline that is used to carry motor fuel to the Demilitarized Zone. Using laser-guided and electro-optical "smart" bombs, they also smashed several bridges, among them the 540-ft. rail-highway span at Thanh Hoa, which had withstood innumerable attacks during Operation Rolling Thunder from 1965 to 1968. How much of a real difference all this would make remained to be seen.

Whatever the North Vietnamese supply problems, Giap's predilection for lavish applications of firepower has not yet been curbed. North Vietnamese artillerymen have continued to pummel An Loc, the battered, fundamentally insignificant plantation town 60 miles north of Saigon that South Vietnamese President Nguyen Van Thieu has ordered held "at all costs." Resuming efforts to break the seven-week-old siege of An Loc and its stubborn, 6,000-man

garrison, the South Vietnamese last week airlifted two infantry regiments up Highway 13 to within a mile or so of the town. Meanwhile, the main ARVN relief column, which had been stalled several miles south of town, resumed its advance along Highway 13.

As it inched ahead, the 10,000-man column encountered what one U.S. adviser called "the toughest fighting I've ever seen." One ARVN battalion took 100 casualties in four days. The vicious enemy fire on Highway 13 came from well-entrenched North Vietnamese troops, who seemed to be following a familiar strategy. In past set-piece battles—at Dak To, for instance, and Khe Sanh—Giap's forces would surround allied troops, dig in deeply enough to neutralize American firepower, and then hack away at the relief forces. Though at week's end the ARVN relievers were close to what would surely be billed as a great victory at An Loc, it would be a costly triumph indeed.

Touchy Times for American Advisers

BACK in the 1950s and early 1960s, when the fledgling South Vietnamese army was largely relegated to the task of guarding roads and villages, American "advisers" not only taught their inexperienced charges but frequently led them into combat as well—on the rare occasions that ARVN was allowed to "liberate" a Viet Cong hamlet. Nowadays advisers barely even advise. In fact, says Major Jerry G. Williamson, a veteran of three tours in Viet Nam, "these guys don't really need advising. We're mostly out here to talk to FAC [forward air control] pilots and coordinate air strikes."

On instructions from Washington, the advisers are supposed to avoid getting into combat—or onto those politically sensitive weekly U.S. casualty lists. The sometimes unseemly result is that when a South Vietnamese unit gets into a critical situation, the first soldiers to leave are its U.S. advisers.

During the recent North Vietnamese advance on Kontum, two American Army advisers were ordered to pull out of nearby Fire Base 5, even though it had not been directly attacked. They simply left behind the base's garrison of 130 Montagnard tribesmen, who have long been among the hardest and most determined troops on the allied side.

A similar episode occurred early in the Communist offensive. An ARVN force of 20 or 30 troops found itself surrounded by the North Vietnamese near An Loc. As the South Vietnamese fought the Communists off, the three American advisers with the ARVN unit radioed for an evacuation helicopter. When the tiny chopper arrived, it was rushed by desperate South Vietnamese

troops: some of them grabbed the American crew chief and tried to throw him off. The overloaded machine finally got airborne after several hard bounces along the ground; one ARVN soldier aboard was swinging from the legs of an American adviser who was sitting at the chopper's open door.

By and large, the advisers are embarrassed by orders to retreat under fire; unlike many G.I.s who serve only in American units, they have considerable respect and liking for the ARVN soldiers, although not necessarily for their commanders. "These little Bengies [Bengal Tigers] are great soldiers," says Colonel J. Ross Franklin, adviser to the ARVN 21st Division.

The advisers include both Army men and Marines, who have somewhat different approaches to the assignment—a fact that has led to animosity between the two services. The majority of Army advisers are clustered in ARVN regimental and divisional headquarters. There are only 50 Marine advisers, but they are sprinkled through South Viet Nam's elite marine units down to the battalion and even company level. In Military Region I (the northern provinces), the Marines are almost unduly proud of the tough fighting done at Quang Tri by their charges. They also complain that the Army advisers to the ARVN 3rd Division, whose collapse caused the loss of the city, had poor communication with the troops under their guidance.

In Huế nowadays, Marine and Army advisers—many of them veterans of the Quang Tri debacle—occasionally find themselves at loggerheads. Shortly before TIME's David DeVoss was



ARMY ADVISER CALLING IN AIR STRIKES

wounded last week, one angry Marine told him that "Quang Tri would never have fallen if there had been decent advisers there." Another Marine offered a grim forecast: "I'll tell you what's going to happen one of these days. One of those helicopters is going to come down for the American advisers—and they are going to shoot it out of the air. I mean the friendly guys, the South Vietnamese, are going to shoot it out of the air."

WEST GERMANY

A Grade-B Performance

The three-week-long drama over whether the West German Parliament would ratify the treaties of Moscow and Warsaw ended enigmatically last week. The Bundestag ratified both agreements by wide margins—248 to 10 for the Moscow treaty. But 238 opposition members of the Bundestag abstained from voting on the Moscow treaty. In the Bundesrat, the upper house, a majority of the members—21 out of 41—also abstained. Chancellor Willy Brandt, leader of the Social Democratic Party, grandly described the vote as opening "a new phase in the history of the Federal Republic." That may well be so, but, reports TIME's Bonn Bureau Chief Benjamin Cate, the result was a triumph for neither Brandt nor Rainer Barzel, head of the opposition Christian Democratic Union:

As the final vote was announced, Brandt, his face impassive, sat stoically on the government's front bench. The treaties—and with them the attendant progress toward East-West détente—had carried well enough. But the fact that the opposition C.D.U. had abstained almost to a man deprived Brandt of the "broad majority" he had labored to achieve and was a dismaying reversal of a carefully worked out bipartisan compromise.

Only two days earlier, the C.D.U. had decided to free its Deputies to vote for the treaties if they wanted to do so, after gaining their support for a bipartisan Bundestag resolution on West Germany's understanding of the pacts. On the eve of the scheduled vote, however, the C.D.U.'s conservative Bavarian wing, Franz Josef Strauss's Christian Social Union, decided to vote against the treaties. Faced with that threat to party unity, Barzel reversed

course, and only three hours before the final Bundestag vote, ordered the C.D.U. Deputies to abstain from voting. By opting for party unity instead of statesmanship, he earned the widespread condemnation of the West German press and reinforced his reputation as a political opportunist.

The vote dramatized Bonn's present crisis of leadership. Both Brandt and Barzel had seen the impasse coming at least three months ago, but did little to head it off. Brandt, the brilliant idea man, remained characteristically aloof. He knew that his unstable coalition of Social Democrats and Free Democrats included some potential defectors on the treaty votes; they were treated like traitors, which simply strengthened their resolve to defect.

Moment of Truth. Barzel, the reputedly clever tactician, was shortsighted and defiant, and helped paint his party into a tight corner by adamantly opposing ratification. The C.D.U. leaders repeatedly charged that the treaties were a sellout of German interests to Moscow. Privately, though, they hoped that the treaties would pass, so that the party should not bear the onus of holding up détente. Thus both sides procrastinated until the moment of truth arrived—and the result was what one Bonn political observer describes as "a grade-B performance—Brandt and Barzel."

The three weeks of confusion and chaos that have just ended inspired the quip that "Both sides have a chairman, but neither has a leader." In the wake of the vote, the quip seemed fully justified. Recognizing that his government could be brought down by a no-confidence vote at any time, Brandt asked the opposition to agree to hold interim federal elections. Barzel replied that his party would agree to elections—but only after Brandt had resigned. Despite the ploys and counterploys, it seemed likely that elections would be held in the fall.

FRANCE

Europe, Oui! Oysters, Non!

"Elizabeth of England will be well received here," surmised the French weekly *L'Express* just before the Queen's arrival last week. "The French adore other people's monarchs." Almost everywhere Paris bespoke as much. Huge Union Jacks caught the spray from the Lalique fountains at the elegant Rond-Point des Champs-Élysées, and the Cross of St. George decorated the flower pots in front of a Pierre Cardin boutique in the Rue du Faubourg St.-Honoré.

It rained on nearly all of Her Majesty's parades ("The Queen's weather," mused *Le Monde*), but the drizzle failed to dampen the French welcome. "Bigger crowds for the Queen than for the referendum on Europe," observed the satirical weekly *Le Canard Enchaîné*. Elizabeth's French, several reporters noted, was far better than Prime Minister Edward Heath's, and one columnist confided to his readers the great discovery that "the Queen likes all French food except oysters."

Amidst all the obsequious effusions, there was a glancing barb at the Queen's taste in hats—"For 20 years the same hat, to avoid hurting her hatter's feelings," teased one columnist.

Nonetheless, the Queen's second state visit to France in 15 years was a regal affirmation of the current warm state of Anglo-French relations. As President Georges Pompidou discreetly noted in his welcoming speech, "some hesitations and difficulties of an old love affair begun in 1957" had occurred in the meantime. Later, at a banquet Her Majesty remarked: "We may drive on different sides of the road, but we are going the same way." The same way, of course, is a united Western Europe.



QUEEN ELIZABETH & PRINCE PHILIP AT VERSAILLES BANQUET WITH PRESIDENT & MADAME POMPIDOU
"We may drive on different sides of the road, but we are going the same way."

THE WORLD

and with the Queen's visit Britain seemed all but signed, sealed and delivered into the Common Market.

For the Queen, perhaps the most significant event was one with purely personal implications. After a triumphal tour through the south of France, Elizabeth and her husband, the Duke of Edinburgh, paid a call on the Duke and Duchess of Windsor at their house in the Bois de Boulogne. It was the first time that Elizabeth, 46, had visited their home since her uncle abdicated in 1936. It may well be the last: the former King Edward VIII, now 77, is gravely ill.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Teddy Boys with Tartans

A crowd of Belfast Catholics was watching an evening soccer game on the television set in Kellys Bar when a bomb exploded in a parked car outside, setting off a weekend of violence in which nine people were killed and 100 injured. The Catholics blamed the bombing on Protestant extremists; the British army concluded that it might have been caused by I.R.A. explosives that went off by accident. In a sense it did not really matter. The important fact was that after two months of direct rule from London, the Ulstermen were as close to anarchy as ever.

The new wave of terrorism was a setback for William Whitelaw, Britain's Secretary of State for Northern Ireland. In the eight weeks since he had been sent to Belfast to replace the suspended provincial parliament at Stormont, Whitelaw had pursued a policy of conciliation and persuasion. He ordered the release of 306 interned Catholics who were being held without trial in prison camps under Ulster's Special Powers Act, and instructed British troops to avoid incidents in Catholic areas. He also allowed to remain standing the barricades set up and manned by the I.R.A. in the "no go" Catholic Bogside and Creggan districts of Londonderry.

Dour Mood. Perhaps inevitably, Protestant militants were infuriated by Whitelaw's strategy of restraint. They demanded that the barricades be torn down. To force Whitelaw's hand, masked members of the Ulster Defense Association, a militant Protestant organization, hijacked cars and used them to create a 24-hour barricade around the Protestant Woodvale district of Belfast. Unless Whitelaw sent his troops into the Bogside, declared the U.D.A., the Protestants would surround their areas with permanent barricades also.

Emphasizing the dour mood of Northern Ireland's Protestants, the leader of the militant Ulster Vanguard movement, William Craig, last week warned: "It would be prudent for loyalists not to ignore the possibility of civil war." Another cause of Protestant restlessness was a new I.R.A. policy of attacking targets in Protestant areas. Last



TARTAN GANG MEMBERS ON A WINDOW-SMASHING RAMPAGE IN BELFAST
Youthful products of sectarian bitterness and bigotry.

week, for instance, from hiding places in Catholic areas, I.R.A. snipers killed a 15-year-old Protestant youth and wounded four factory workers. In the House of Commons, Whitelaw charged that the I.R.A. was deliberately trying to provoke the Protestants into counterattacks on Catholic areas, which would thereby strengthen the gunmen's hold on the ghettos.

If civil war does come, among those most eager to form the front lines at street-corner battles will be members of Protestant youth gangs known as the Tartans. Mostly boys between 14 and 20 years of age, they wear blue jeans and jackets and sport tartan scarves as symbols of their Scottish and Protestant ancestry. Their slogan, **TARTAN RULES**, is scrawled on gable walls in most of Belfast's Protestant ghettos.

Tacit Approval. Undisciplined and virtually leaderless, the Tartans roam the streets of Belfast eying strangers with suspicion, occasionally attacking Catholics with sticks, stones and fists. This month Tartan gangs set fire to stores, wrecked bars and rioted in East Belfast for four consecutive nights. In another era, the Tartan gangs would be

written off as adolescents bored with the drabness of back-street Belfast, much like Teddy boys of London in the mid-'50s. But Ulster's political chaos has turned them into defenders of the faith who have the tacit approval of many adult Protestants.

A typical Tartan gang member is Jim Tipping, a long-haired lad of 18 who has a crest of Protestant banners tattooed upon his scarred right arm. The scar is a relic of an I.R.A. gunshot wound that Tipping suffered while walking down a Belfast street six weeks ago. Tipping's gang, the Shankhill Tartans, has hundreds of members, who spend much of their time looting on street corners and shouting anti-Catholic slogans on Saturday afternoons. They were reared in an atmosphere of sectarian bitterness and bigotry, and their attitudes show it. "I hate them," Tipping says of the Catholics. "They're just murderers. They're all in the I.R.A., and if they're not they're sympathizers. If the army is not going to do anything to stop the I.R.A., it might as well move out and let the Protestants have a go."

There is a lot of youthful bravado in the gang members' words, but like

HOODED PROTESTANT VIGILANTES IN BELFAST'S WOODVALE DISTRICT



THE WORLD

their Protestant elders, the Tartans are gradually becoming more militant. Two weeks ago they marched to the local jail to demand the release of Protestant criminals. As a precaution some wore dark glasses to conceal their features. "If civil war breaks out and they start internesting Protestants," explained Tipping, "they are going to remember your face and turn you in."

ALGERIA

The Triste Just Society

Fidel Castro was less than complimentary when Houari Boumedienne replaced Ahmed Ben Bella as leader of revolutionary Algeria seven years ago. "A pimp," was the Cuban Premier's unbowed estimate of Boumedienne. "A reactionary gorilla." Last week, as Castro visited Algeria in the course of a two-month hegira through Africa and the East bloc, Boumedienne had become "a great strategist" and Algeria under his rule was "a just society."

As a determinedly socialist state with an overlay of stern Arab tradition—women have second-class status—Algeria may not necessarily be a just society. But it is an economically more viable one than Cuba. It is also, as Castro may well have observed, a study in paradoxes. Despite the agonies that Algerians suffered at the hands of the French in the eight-year war for independence, ties with France remain remarkably strong. France is still Algeria's principal trading partner; 7,000 Frenchmen teach school or operate medical clinics, while 400,000 Algerians work in France and send home \$250 million annually.

French is the primary language not

only of the educated but also of the major cities generally. When Castro spoke in Spanish to a crowd of 25,000 in Algiers, his speech was translated not into Arabic but into French. Boumedienne, who studied at Cairo's Al Azhar University, is one of the few government leaders who regard Arabic as their first language. Even so, when Algeria's boss—wearing coat, tie and shirt in contrast to the open-neck military khakis of his guest—appeared in public with Castro, he looked more like a French *petit bourgeois* than an Arab revolutionary.

Another contradiction is Algeria's growing ties with the U.S., although diplomatic relations between the two have been severed since the Six-Day War. Four hundred American technicians are helping Boumedienne develop the immense oil and natural-gas resources in the Sahara, and even U.S. management firms have been retained to smooth administrative problems. The biggest deal made so far by Sonatrach, the government-owned monopoly, is a \$5 billion contract to provide natural gas for the U.S. East Coast. "There is no contradiction in our policy," Foreign Ministry Spokesman Mohammed ben Mehal blandly explained to TIME Correspondent Gavin Scott last week. "The American people are one thing and what the American Government does in the Middle East and Viet Nam is another."

Economic Help. Despite their official commitment to socialism, the Algerians are amenable to economic help from any nation. At El Hadjar, the huge new industrial complex through which they proudly escorted Castro last week, the steel plant is Russian, the cast-iron plant French, the pipe plant West German, and the hot rolling mill Italian. "We take the best of each," says an official. "Some may call us opportunistic. We prefer the word pragmatic."

El Hadjar symbolizes Boumedienne's determination to make a long-range investment in heavy industry rather than light industry, which could produce more jobs more quickly. The justification is that, having broken a French colonial economy tied to agriculture, Boumedienne's Sorbonne-trained Algerian technocrats do not want to re-create what they haughtily dismiss as "a 19th century economy."

But they are taking calculated risks. Algeria's population is increasing by 3.7% every year, and the birth rate is Africa's highest, in part because Islam frowns on birth control. Less than one-seventh of the land along the Mediterranean littoral is arable, and only in recent months has the government seriously begun to tackle land reform.

Algerians from rural villages are flocking to the cities, where few can find jobs. Roughly 40% of the work force is unemployed, and countless thousands of young men spend their time playing dominoes and drinking beer in murky cafes off the Didouche Mourad, Algiers' principal thoroughfare. One diplomat described them as "hooligans in the

making" and suggested that the government ought to be worried. So far there are no signs of incipient revolt, and Correspondent Scott found the atmosphere in Algiers one of phlegmatic indolence rather than seething resentment. Graffiti are rare in a secret-police state, but on one lamppost, he noted, had been scribbled the lament "*Triste Algérie*."

THE HIGH SEAS

A Queen's Ransom

A 66,000-ton ship is considerably more difficult to hijack than a 100-ton jet. On the other hand, a 963-ft. ocean liner contains more hiding places for anyone who wants to stow a bomb aboard. Last week the British liner *Queen Elizabeth 2* was in mid-ocean when an extortionist telephoned Cunard Lines and demanded a queen's ransom of \$350,000. Six bombs were hidden aboard the *Queen* and ready to detonate, the caller warned. They had been placed there by an ex-convict and a terminal cancer victim who were fatalistically prepared to be blown sky-high along with the ship's 1,481 passengers and 900 crewmen.

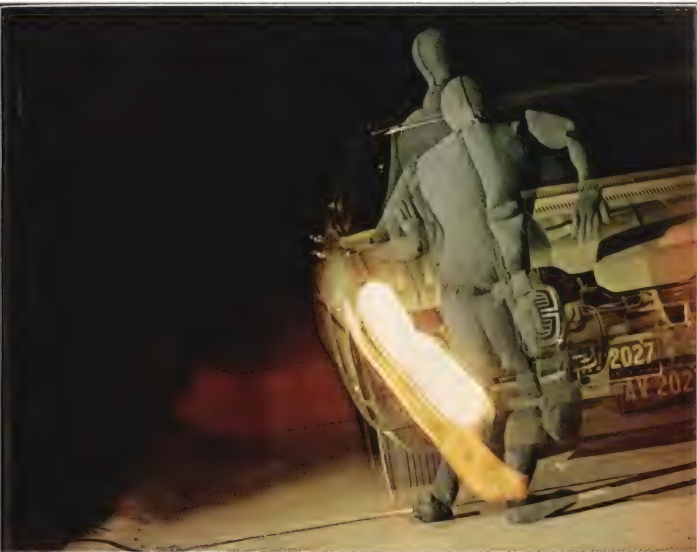
Cunard was "99% sure" that the call was a hoax. Chairman Victor Matthews reported later. Nevertheless the company procured the cash in Manhattan and waited for a second call, which never came. Meanwhile, at an R.A.F. base in Wiltshire, England, a four-man bomb-disposal team climbed aboard a long-range Hercules transport and strapped on parachutes. When the plane made its rendezvous with the liner 1,400 miles west of England in the Atlantic, the men plummeted through the clouds and rain to land close beside a waiting launch.

As the *Queen Elizabeth 2* picked up speed again and headed flat out for Cherbourg, the bomb experts commenced an almost impossible assignment. No fewer than 12,000 pieces of passenger baggage, for instance, had been loaded aboard three days earlier during a record seven-hour turnaround in New York. The passengers seemed to be undaunted. Orchestras played, champagne corks popped and a crew member reported that "everyone is drinking and dancing as usual."

The ex-con and the terminal-cancer case were doubtless among the revelers—if indeed they existed. FBI agents last week interviewed a student at Manhattan's Hunter College. One day before the *Q.E. 2* was threatened, as it happened, her creative-writing workshop had discussed a short story she had written about a woman cancer victim and her friend, a male proofreader, who sail aboard the *Queen* and threaten to blow it up unless a famous diamond is surrendered to them. Wondering if life had imitated art with curious proximity, agents began checking out the workshop members.

CASTRO & BOUMEDIENNE IN ALGIER





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Steel for protection. Polyester for smooth ride.

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GOODYEAR

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100 PIPERS

It's made proudly. Drink it that way.

SPAIN

The Lawyers' Martyr

"We have lost the rights of man." The Madrid lawyer who spoke those harsh words about his own country is an influential Roman Catholic layman with good friends in the top echelons of the Spanish Establishment. He is, moreover, a hero of the Spanish Civil War, and the sole survivor of four brothers who held the railway tunnel at Somosierra Pass north of Madrid for six days against heavy Republican odds.

But Jaime Miralles Alvarez, 51, is also a maverick reformer whose libertarian convictions frequently get him in trouble. In 1962, for instance, he was exiled to Fuerteventura, in the Canary Islands, for eleven months. Miralles had made the mistake of attending a meeting in Munich of an organization that advocated European unity, and was therefore considered dangerous by Spanish authorities. In 1970 he was one of 120 prominent Spaniards who were fined between \$500 and \$3,000 for signing a letter that urged U.S. Secretary of State William Rogers to hear their case against renewing the agreements for U.S. military bases in Spain.

In recent months, Miralles has led a campaign to streamline Spain's archaic and cumbersome judicial system, which has no fewer than eight kinds of courts. Among these are military tribunals and "public order" courts run by political functionaries who have almost unlimited power. Under the law of public order, for instance, a man can be sentenced to a long jail term—with or without trial—merely for knowing a homosexual or a marijuana smoker.

The government responded to Miralles' call for judicial reform by clapping him in jail last month on charges of contempt. His offense was having defended the widow of a construction

worker who had been killed during leftist strikes last year. Miralles argued that the widow was entitled to state compensation because her husband had been shot in the back by the Guardia Civil, Franco's paramilitary police force. A military court ruled that Miralles' defense had insulted the Guardia Civil and constituted "illegal propaganda."

Almost overnight, Miralles became a martyr-hero to the lawyers of Spain, who have never been noted for their radicalism. The powerful 8,500-member Madrid bar took up Miralles' cause. Risking contempt sentences of their own, 200 lawyers issued a joint statement protesting Miralles' punishment. When influential church leaders joined the protest, he was released on Franco's personal orders.

"Someone must act," Miralles said last week, "to secure what, in other countries, can come through the courts or through legislation." His actions have already had a noticeable effect. Last week two bar associations adopted resolutions supporting Miralles and his fight for legal reform. Moreover, the government has announced plans to reduce the number of judicial systems from eight to three—and to eliminate the dreaded public order courts altogether. In the finest tradition of Spanish obscurantism, however, the announcement was made in the Canary Islands and was briefly mentioned by only one newspaper in Madrid.

MALAGASY REPUBLIC

Revolt at World's End

What happens when student mobs riot for university reform? These days, the cops are usually called in, heads are broken, and the riot leaders are jailed. There was a somewhat different ending last week to a student uprising in the Malagasy Republic—the Indian Ocean island of Madagascar and its dependencies. The youthful rebels not only got the promise of reform, but also brought down the government.

Crisis has been brewing for a long time on Madagascar, a never-never land that is known to its citizens as "the island at the end of the world." Wages were low, prices were rising, and food was in short supply—so short that the government's planning minister, Barthélémy Johasy, complained that it was "scandalous and aberrant" to see "long queues of people waiting to buy rice in a rice-producing country."

Even so, the placid, good-humored Malagasy people, an assortment of Malay-Polynesians and Africans, hardly complained until a year ago. Then, a violent revolt in the south against the regime of President Philibert Tsiranana left 800 dead. Tsiranana, an ailing autocrat who had ruled his country since its independence from France in 1960, responded by jailing 500 troublemakers. He also blamed it all on the U.S. em-



GENERAL RAMANANTSOA IN TANANARIVE
Privates before officers.

bassy and expelled the American ambassador as well as five members of the embassy staff.

For good measure, Tsiranana also imprisoned his own vice president, André Resampa, who was becoming uncomfortably powerful. Earlier this year, Tsiranana was re-elected unopposed to a third term. In Tulear province, where the rebellion had taken place, the official ballot counters solemnly reported that not a single citizen had voted against him.

Last week trouble broke out again. Mobs of university students, complaining that their academic program was still too French-oriented, surged through the streets of Tananarive, the capital. Tsiranana jailed 350 student leaders, but the rioting only grew worse. While policemen cheered them on, workers and civil servants burned down the plant of a pro-government newspaper and set fire to the city hall.

A shaken Tsiranana agreed to release the students (except for five who "died" in prison) and promised university reform. Then he placed Tananarive under military control. When the demonstrations persisted, he surrendered his powers to the army chief of staff, General Gabriel Ramanantsoa. But he did not resign, apparently hoping to retain his title and his palace.

Ramanantsoa, 62, a graduate of St. Cyr, the French military academy, was obviously a popular choice. Before a cheering crowd in Tananarive, he promised to improve the lives of the country's peasants. "Among us military men," he declared, "the tradition is that you take care of the privates before you worry about the officers." The new government also announced that it was considering a national referendum to decide whether Tsiranana should be allowed to remain as President.



JAIME MIRALLES IN MADRID
Someone must act.

PEOPLE

With a four-layer cake in his outer office, Chicago's Boss-Mayor **Richard J. Daley** celebrated his 70th birthday. To friends and newsmen he dispensed spiritual advice: "We should love thy neighbor and honor thy father and thy mother and all senior citizens." And physical: "Exercise, you know, is responsible for my good health. You should be in my basement—jumping rope, punching the bag, lifting weights. The human body will disintegrate if you don't use it." The mayor's well-rounded human body seems in no such danger, whatever may be happening to his political machine.

The Black Panthers seem to be changing tactics, getting increasingly involved in community projects. Now Panther Chairman **Bobby Seale**, 35, has joined the System enough to announce that next year he will run for mayor of Oakland, Calif., and that Panther Information Minister Elaine Brown, 29, will try for the city council. "Our prime purpose," says Miss Brown, "will still be to organize the black community and the poor community toward achieving economic and political power."

It was Actor-Director **Dennis (Easy Rider) Hopper's** third marriage, but his first Jewish wedding. And what a Jewish wedding it was. A trumpet blast, and the 55 guests climbed to their seats on a hillside overlooking San Francisco Bay near the home of Bride **Daria Halprin**, who started in *Zabriskie Point*. The music began as a composition for synthesizer, ram's horn, flute, and a Yemenite trumpet recorded especially for the wedding. Then, to the melody of a flute

song, Daria, in a purple velvet Navajo dress, walked to the bridal canopy designed by her father, Landscape Architect **Lawrence Halprin**. After the ceremonial crushing of the wineglass under Hopper's foot, everybody danced *a hora* to the traditional *Hava Nagila*—arranged for guitar and Congo drum.

Houston's hulking, high-octane Defense Lawyer **Percy Foreman** has his own lucrative way of making the punishment fit the crime. "Even if I get a guilty one off," he likes to say, "he is sufficiently punished when he pays me." After a rich old man named Jacques Mossler was found bludgeoned and stabbed to death in 1964 in Key Biscayne, Fla., his blonde wife **Candace**, 44, and her nephew and boy friend, **Melvin Lane Powers**, 22, were prime suspects, so they hired Foreman. If Candy and Melvin "got off without a day of pen time," says Foreman, she agreed to pay him \$250,000, plus the appraised value of four parcels of Houston property she owned—a total of \$1,478,325. Payments lagged, and Foreman haled his ex-clients into court. After former Assistant U.S. Attorney General **Will Wilson** testified that \$1,300,000 seemed to him a reasonable legal fee because he thought that without Foreman, Candy and Melvin would have been convicted, the judge ruled that Foreman still had \$390,000 coming to him, which will bring his fee to \$500,000. Said Candace's new lawyer: "We will appeal."

Freedom has obviously been inordinating for Father **Daniel Berrigan**, reputed to be ailing before his parole from



FATHER DAN BERRIGAN IN FRANCE
The Reds feel let down.

a three-year sentence for destroying draft records. Looking hale, if not exactly hearty, he turned up in Paris for a meeting with the North Vietnamese delegation to the peace talks. His report: "They feel they have been let down by their Russian and Chinese friends, but they also feel Nixon has already been defeated."

"I'm stupid enough to like trying things," says the heir to the throne of England. "I tend to be a jack of all trades and not really master of very much." One of the things 23-year-old Prince Charles has tried is parachuting out of an airplane—part of his training as an R.A.F. officer—and he tells how that felt in a new book, *Captains and Kings* by Neville Birch and Alan Bramson. "After this hairy flight sergeant had shouted into my ear and given me a tap on the shoulder, I said, 'You're the chap who pushes me out,' and he said 'Oh no, sir, no, no, no—we don't do that. We just help.' The next thing I knew, my feet were above my head, caught in the rigging lines, which was very odd. The first thing I thought was; they didn't tell me anything about this."

"What this really is," said Playwright **Arthur Miller** as the American Academy and the National Institute of Arts and Letters convened in Manhattan, "is an attempt to get some communication between people in the arts, to give them an opportunity to talk to one another." Among the talkative literati, the most eloquent testimonial to language came from Oxford Teacher-turned-Novelist **Iris Murdoch**. "Words," she said, "constitute the ultimate texture and stuff of our moral being, since they are the most refined and delicate and detailed, as well as the most universally used and understood, of the symbolisms whereby we express ourselves into existence."



BRIDEGROOM DENNIS HOPPER & BRIDE DARIA WITH WEDDING GUEST
Ram's horn, flute and a Navajo dress.



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Expressways in the Sky

The seat-belt sign has flashed on, and the engines begin to whine as the big California-bound jet prepares to lumber out for takeoff at New York's John F. Kennedy Airport. Suddenly the pilot announces that there will be a half-hour delay. Reason: traffic is backed up on the runways. Later, flying over the Rockies, the passengers have more reason to gripe. The plane is being tossed by turbulence, but the pilot cannot avoid it because ground controllers have refused to let him change course in the jammed air corridors. Finally, as San Francisco Bay comes into view, there is another exasperating delay; the jet is ordered into a holding pattern, and has to circle for 25 minutes before being permitted to land.

Although this particular cross-country trip is fictional, the inconveniences experienced by the passengers and crew are all too real. In an age when man can rendezvous and dock spacecraft high above the earth, travel to the moon with pinpoint accuracy and send payloads to much more distant targets in the solar system, the control of air traffic closer to home is still crude and imprecise in comparison. As a result, runways are overcrowded on the ground, air lanes are jammed aloft. Particularly near airports, spacing between aircraft is often so hard to control that near-misses are dangerously familiar. Is there any solution in sight for the growing air-traffic snarl?

Great Leap. Many aviation men are convinced that there is. For the past few years, they have fought vigorously—and lately with increasing success—for a

new system of flight control that may answer many, if not all the problems: area navigation or R-Nav (short for random navigation). In the opinion of many aviation experts, widespread use of R-Nav would be the greatest leap forward in aerial navigation since the early 1950s, when the U.S. first set up its present air corridors by crisscrossing the country with radio beacons or VORs (for very-high-frequency omnidirectional range).

R-Nav's new equipment will be added not on the ground but in the plane. Built around small onboard computers and other complex electronic gear, it will give the pilot instant access to information that until now has been relayed from the ground or has required time-consuming computations in the cockpit. R-Nav will provide continuous bearings pointing toward any predetermined destination; it will supply the plane's exact position throughout the trip and immediate corrections whenever the plane veers off course. If the

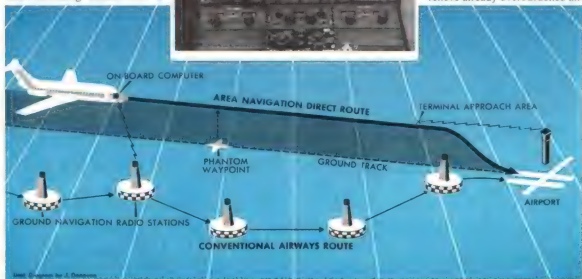
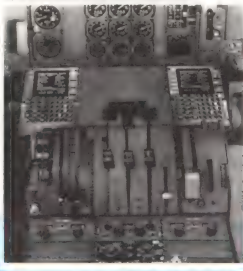
pilot should make a mistake in punching out his route on the keyboard of R-Nav's computer, "error" or "confirm" will be flashed by a cathode-ray tube on his instrument panel. The equipment, in fact, is so versatile that its proponents promise an extraordinary list of payoffs, ranging from increased air safety to greater traffic capacity at existing airports to the reduction of noisy descents over crowded residential areas.

The beauty of the system is its inherent simplicity. No longer will pilots have to zigzag their way along radio beams from one VOR station to another until they finally reach their destination. Instead, the R-Nav computer will enable them to use the signals from existing stations to set up their own straight-line "phantom" path with waypoints that will guide them directly from one airport to another. (Ground controllers will still have to approve the route and monitor the flight to avoid conflict with other planes.) Furthermore, R-Nav will relieve bottlenecks near airports. Aircraft will be able to approach the landing runway from a number of different directions; under existing controls, they must all be funneled into the same approach track. Indeed, area navigation should be

so efficient that Eastern Airlines Board Chairman Floyd Hall likens its introduction to converting "an old-fashioned horse-and-buggy country road into the equivalent of a superhighway with an almost unlimited number of express lanes."

Those express lanes should be extremely useful, especially along heavily traveled short-haul routes—between New York and Washington, say, where a combination of delays on the ground and in the air often slows jet travel to a train's pace. In addition, since the plane will be constantly guided by its own instruments, R-Nav will relieve already overburdened air-

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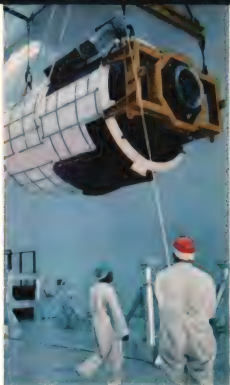
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traffic controllers who are now kept busy constantly giving pilots new navigation directions. Equally important, R-Nav will permit planes to make bad-weather landings at airports that do not have approach radar or instrument landing systems; it will also speed up traffic at airports that now have the most modern controls. "It's unbelievable that Chicago's O'Hare Airport goes to about one-half capacity when IFR [instrument-flight-rules] weather moves in," says Dr. Charles Fenwick, an engineering executive at Collins Radio, a leading manufacturer of R-Nav equipment. "And that's in a world that can land men on the moon."

Advanced Systems. Though still a relatively new development, R-Nav gear already is available in varying degrees of complexity and cost. For small craft, there is relatively inexpensive (about \$2,000) gear, like Narco's Free-flight courseline computer, that makes continuous calculations of distance and direction to the next waystation. On a higher level, there are systems like Omnitrac, made by Britain's Decca Navigator Co. and tested successfully on Eastern's Washington-New York-Boston shuttle. It not only gives the pilot the required altitude for his flight path but also displays his plane's position on a moving map or TV-type cathode-ray tube throughout the trip. Finally, there are more sophisticated systems like the Arma-Decca Mona system (for modular navigation) and Collins' ANS-70, which can store and read out voluminous information, including navigational data on an airline's entire route structure. These advanced systems are also adaptable to such future navigation aids as satellite systems and the Navy's low-frequency, long-range Omega network.

Last week TIME Correspondent Jerry Hannifin, a licensed pilot, flew aboard a Grumman turboprop executive transport equipped with the Collins ANS-70 on a 350-mile test flight into Chicago. On arrival at O'Hare International Airport, Hannifin was astonished to find that the plane, guided all the way by its automatic pilot, which in turn was controlled by R-Nav, was right on course as it turned into its final approach. He is not the only one who is impressed. McDonnell Douglas has ordered the system for its new trijet DC-10, and the Russians offer it for their Yak-40, a three-engine, workhorse jet that they are ambitiously marketing in the West.

With all its advantages, area navigation has clearly earned its place in the airliner's cockpit. It has strong support from FAA Administrator John Schaffer, who has set aside 16 high-altitude corridors for R-Nav flights, despite the opposition of some FAA controllers who feel that it would rob them of authority and perhaps eventually their jobs. Commercial pilots, almost to a man, are fully convinced that R-Nav has the potential of making air travel faster, safer and more dependable than ever before.

EDUCATION

No Fear at Radcliffe

A year ago there were 400 candidates (all women) to succeed Mary I. Bunting as president of Radcliffe; last week the search narrowed down to one, Matina Souretis Horner, 32, an assistant professor of clinical psychology at Harvard. Her specialty is particularly germane to the presidential job. She is an authority on feminine achievement—or the lack thereof—and she has long speculated that women in American society have a "fear of success."

Not Mrs. Horner, however. Daughter of a Greek professor stranded in the U.S. by the outbreak of World War II, she was born in Roxbury, Mass., and neighbors recall that even when she was a kindergartner, she used to drill local youngsters in spelling and arithmetic. She won an A.B. in psychology from Bryn Mawr, where she met her hus-

band, chosen primarily because of their high ability, achievement, motivation and previous success. She found that many students arrived at Radcliffe with hopes for a career but then "changed their plans toward a less ambitious, more traditionally feminine direction."

Although Mrs. Horner has not yet worked out a program for her presidency, which begins July 1, Cliffs who take that "traditionally feminine" route will face some searching questions. But not pressures. "The college is my concern," Mrs. Horner said after her appointment, "not my laboratory."

The Union Man

This is the way Albert Shanker used to teach: "If it takes four ounces of poison to kill a person, how many ounces would it take to kill your mother, your father, your sister and your brother?"

GREGG STEWART



PRESIDENT HORNER & HER FAMILY AT HOME OUTSIDE BOSTON
"There's never any hassle around the house."

band, Dr. Joseph L. Horner, who was studying for an M.S. and is now a research physicist in Cambridge for the U.S. Department of Transportation. They have three children, born while both Horners were getting doctorates at the University of Michigan, and absolutely no problems about job conflicts. "Our careers just happened to mesh," says Horner. "I love woodworking and she loves cooking, so there's never any hassle about things around the house."

In 1969, Mrs. Horner ran representative groups of Radcliffe students through a Thematic Apperception Test, she discovered that more than 75% "showed evidence of high fear of success." Dr. Horner noted a particular significance in this: Radcliffe students "are

Adds Shanker, recalling his days as a junior high school math teacher: "It was the only way I could get them to learn. They loved it."

Today, affection and poison still figure strongly in Shanker's life. One critic calls him an "evil genius," while his supporters want him to run for mayor. As he toured New York State last week, enthusiastically explaining the June merger that will create a statewide, 200,000-member teachers' union, it was clear that Shanker has become one of the most complicated, controversial and powerful men in education.

Twelve years ago, when Shanker's United Federation of Teachers emerged from a gaggle of 106 teacher groups in New York City, the mere idea of a

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SHANKER ON CAMPAIGN
An "evil genius"?

teachers' union made school administrators squeak like chalk on blackboard. Many teachers themselves had doubts about belonging to such an organization. But the financial record of the UFT, which Shanker expanded from 2,400 to 90,000 members, has erased many of those doubts.

Benefits. Since 1960 the top salary for regular teachers has climbed from \$9,100 to \$16,950, plus such fringe benefits as dental treatment, college scholarships and day-care centers (Shanker's own salary has risen, too, from \$7,500 to \$50,000). So very few pedagogues oppose the merger between the UFT-dominated United Teachers of New York State and the New York State Teachers Association. This is just as well, since Shanker, in settling a union squabble once snapped: "I haven't got time for democracy."

Shanker, 43, was born to the harsh controversies of union life. His mother was a staunch member of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, and Shanker even met his wife Edie at a 1959 teachers' meeting, where she was skeptical of his union. "I organized her," he recalls. "A few weeks later she was our strike captain in Queens."

During the sixties, Shanker gained a steadily broadening political power for himself and his UFT, partly because of his readiness to strike the city's schools. Says Shanker, summing up those tumultuous days: "One strike was worth a thousand settlements."

Looking Ahead. It was the Ocean Hill-Brownsville eruption in 1968, however, that firmly established Shanker as the Don Rickles of the educational establishment. Long annoyed by the city's experiments in school decentralization, which threatened to Balkanize both the schools and his union, Shanker got tough when the Ocean Hill-Brownsville

school board tried to oust 13 of "his" teachers. He called a citywide teachers strike that closed the schools to their 1,000,000 pupils for 35 days. Since Ocean Hill-Brownsville is heavily black and many of Shanker's teachers are Jewish, hotheads on both sides made ugly charges of racism. Those charges still poison both the schools and the imminent negotiations for a new contract, in which Shanker is emphasizing demands for more guards to protect classes in turbulent neighborhoods.

In fighting for his union members, Shanker is inspired partly by the still growing surplus of teachers—an estimated 10,000 in New York State alone. Job security has become a basic issue. But some educators argue that Shanker's civil-service approach does no service to the children. Rules of seniority protect incompetents and make it hard for administrators to replace them with teachers who favor classroom innovations. "Shanker's an educational embarrassment," says one young white teacher in Harlem. "He wants what was—a school system that's as bureaucratic as the local post office, except that everyone in it has a Ph.D."

But even Shanker's foes concede, as does Director David Seelye of a citizens group called the Public Education Association, that Shanker is "a very smart man who sees a lot further than other people." Since the power over bankrupt city schools is shifting increasingly to the state government, Shanker is moving to create a statewide union—and it is likely that his ambitions do not stop there. With similar merger talks now under way in Michigan and Rhode Island, Shanker speaks openly of hoping to organize the bulk of the nation's 3,000,000 school and college teachers into the largest union in the U.S. How long would that task require? Shanker himself predicts that five years might be needed, but that estimate may be conservative. Only last November, he estimated that the New York State merger might take two years. It is taking seven months.

The Price of Ignorance

What does it cost to drop out of school? Billions, everyone agrees, but it remained for Henry M. Levin of the Stanford University School of Education to attempt some computation of how many billions. In a study made for the Senate Select Committee on Equal Educational Opportunity, Levin focused on the 3,180,000 American males now between 25 and 34 who failed to win a high school diploma as of 1969. He then figured that dropping out would cost them a total of \$237 billion (about \$74,000 each) because of lower incomes during a working lifetime. As for the government's loss, it would have cost \$40 billion to complete the dropouts' education, but the tax collector would have taken in an additional \$71 billion on their higher incomes.

EDUCATION



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MODERN LIVING

Haggling, American Style

The traditional rummage sale is a backyard affair at which the customers gather to buy a neighbor's castoff items—ranging from rusty potato peelers to used refrigerators—at castoff prices. In the past few years, however, the sales have grown too big for the one-family garage; they have moved into farm fields, drive-in theaters, convention halls and even Pasadena's famous Rose Bowl. A far cry from the old neighborhood affairs, which were largely stocked with merchandise from family attics, the new

supersales have become major outlets for professional merchants anxious to dispose of leftover goods.

The biggest rummage sale of them all is the "Seven Mile Fair," a rural flea market that sprawls over 50 acres of fallow soybean field near Milwaukee. The fair has attracted as many as 1,000 sellers (who each pay a \$3 registration fee) and 100,000 browsers, who haggle over the price of bassinets and branding irons, laundry soap, auto parts, farm tools and bakery goods. Charles L. Niles, who originated the fair and now spends all his time operating it, recalls the time that someone walked into the main office seeking an oxygen mask: "I announced it over the p.a. system, and within ten minutes we had one."

California, naturally, has produced the most spectacular bazaar of them all: an enormous affair conducted in the Rose Bowl, where bargain hunting now rivals football as the favorite sport. Every second Sunday in the month, year round, some 35,000 customers queue up outside the Bowl to pay the 50¢ that admits them to a day of offbeat shopping. Inside the stadium several hundred hawkers display their merchandise along the 50-ft.-wide walkway that circles the stadium. They have each rented booth space at \$5, \$10 or \$15 (depending on location) to sell clothes, curios, antiques and all kinds of gadgets and recyclable junk. For the nostalgia-oriented, who form a big segment of buyers, there are WPA buttons for a dollar, rolls of World War II barbed wire for \$35 and 1920s radios for \$5. One of the hottest items on the flea market circuit: used blue jeans.

Perhaps 60% of the Rose Bowl merchants operate a high-class shop somewhere else and use the Pasadena sale to unload excess stock. One designer, Frances Bicol, offered second-grade bikinis for \$6 that if perfect might retail at I. Magnin for \$25. She explained, "We can sell them here for below wholesale and at least break even, instead of holding them over into next year." Mrs. J.F. Whitecotton, who until last month worked as an assistant in a school cafeteria, peddles different wares. With her husband, an upholsterer, she collects and sells "Depression glass"—those transparent pastel plates, pitchers and glasses that used to be given away as bonuses for buying certain items during the Depression—and makes as much as \$200 on a good day.

Besides Depression-level prices and the absence of a sales tax—most states exempt these so-called "casual sales"—the supermarket-style modern rum-

mage sales and their smaller neighborhood counterparts offer the old-fashioned fun of a country fair. Their proliferation has also revived the ancient art of haggling, long since fallen into disuse in the U.S. Picture the satisfaction of one Connecticut housewife, for example, who bid for a three-year-old G.E. refrigerator and got it for \$50. At the same sale she picked up a Kenmore washer with a new motor for \$40 and a 3-h.p. lawn mower for \$30. Her only regret: "I missed a Chevy pickup truck that went for \$75."

Italy's Dynamic Furniture

Centers shift, in design as in other arts. Fifteen years ago, modern design still meant Scandinavia—birchwood tables and Wikkala ceramics. Not today: the node from which the most inventive impulses in design now issue is Italy. Italian designers dominate their field in the '70s much as New York painters dominated theirs in the '60s. Last week in Manhattan, the Museum of Modern Art opened an impressive display of home furnishings and environments entitled *Italy: The New Domestic Landscape*. The show gives a fascinating overview of the projects—commercial, speculative and utopian—that have occupied designers in Milan, Turin, Florence and Rome for the past decade.

What is documented by the display is the struggle of designers to free themselves from their traditional limbo, somewhere between architecture and interior decoration. More and more, design strives to be active: its tutelary gods are no longer Chippendale or the Bauhaus, but Buckminster Fuller, Marcuse and Ronald Laing. The thrust of designers like Ettore Sottsass, Gio Ponti, Marco Zanuso and the "Archizoom" group is not to decorate the psychic space around us but to extend and question it. This means a critical approach to social patterns, which starts with the language of shape.

Giant Tensor. There has always been a feedback between the "fine" and the "applied" arts, and some Italian designers approach this in a deliberately eclectic and unsettling way. Thus Claes Oldenburg's funky gigantism is parodied in Gaetano Pesce's "Moloch" floor lamp: a tensor desk light enlarged to a height of 9 ft. And, just as many a Victorian bronze looked better with a lampshade than as sculpture, the use of neon tubing becomes laconically appropriate in Ettore Sottsass's "Asteroid" lamp. What goes on with such designers is not a passive borrowing of fine-art motifs but, as Museum Curator Emilio Ambasz puts it, an "ironic manipulation of the sociocultural meanings attached to existing forms."

In this parade of exquisitely designed objects, from lamps to ashtrays to such inviting modular sofas as Mario Bellini's "Chameleon" cushion system (see color page), it is apparent that the functionalist concerns of the Bau-

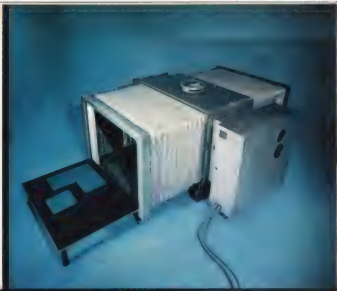


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MODERN LIVING

haus are receding. Some emphasis has shifted to furniture as dream or fetish or ikon. Thus Gae Aulenti designs a variable bookcase/shelf/sleeping-platform unit that, glittering in vermilion fiber glass, resembles a Mayan sacrificial altar; while Sottsass's red ceramic vase has the archaic look of a ziggurat.

The most original work in the show is an acute speculation on furniture as sign. For objects embody attitudes, and they are incredibly resistant to social change: they crystallize, and dictate roles. It is easy to be authoritarian from an office armchair; difficult when sprawled in a beanbag; on a waterbed, impossible. In a country like Italy, where the kitchen is still a kind of sacred cave presided over by a mother-goddess, the design of a cooking module that can be rolled about and plugged in anywhere has profound implications. Not, perhaps, the immediate death of the nuclear family—but certainly a substantive critique of it. The Italians are rethinking such ideas as privacy and discarding the concept of furniture as possession—the “antiques of tomorrow” syndrome. Ettore Sottsass proposes as his ideal public “people who don't wish to hide, who don't feel the need . . . to live in houses that are nothing other than cemeteries containing the tombs of their own memories.” Furniture appropriate for that kind of public must respond to hourly changes of life and function.

Survival Kits. This revolution from the stiffly programmed machine for living has been shared by many other designers, including the brilliant Joe Colombo, who died in 1971 at 41. Of his canary-yellow and white “total furnishing unit,” Colombo wrote: “The space should be dynamic; that is, it should be in a continual state of transformation.” With its sliding beds and intricate storage nests, Colombo's prototype is as compact as the toilet of a 707—and, at first sight, as cold. But its sense of compressed variability infuses much of the work in the show, from Internotredici's desk/bed/sitting-room “monoblock” to such instant houses as Alberto Rosselli's capsule. Looking like the giant offspring of a Xerox machine and an old camera, the capsule can be trucked anywhere like a container—serving, in effect, as a crate for its own furniture. On site, the sides fold down to become floor, and the bellows walls expand to a total plan area of some 3,000 square feet—more than the average suburban house.

In such projects, the unity of “building” and “design” is complete. They are survival kits for Spaceship Earth—and part of their message is to insist that fantasy, play and a sense of archetype are essential to survival. In detail, the Museum of Modern Art show sets forth the key problem of radical design—how to use the stupendous resources of capitalist technology to dissolve the more rigid roles and postures that capitalism imposes. In a sense, the Italians' doubts are as rich as their solutions.

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SHOW BUSINESS & TELEVISION

True Grease

In America, the recent past has become a cultural staple. First the '20s, '30s and '40s, gleaming with just enough romantic distance, were conjured in theater, art and fashion. Now the nostalgia nuts seem to be closing the gap with the present. That dreary decade, the '50s, is apparently being dusted off for a revival.

In films, *The Last Picture Show* brings back the groping, mindless mood of much of the period as the sound track coaxes record hits of the day. Roger Kahn's book *The Boys of Summer* reprises the great, winning days of the '50s Brooklyn Dodgers. Revivals of '50s rock 'n' roll—arguably the decade's only cultural contribution—have become a regular feature at rock emporiums. Even Buffalo Bob Smith of TV's old *Howdy Doodie* show made a comeback on campuses last year, and is still hanging on with a singing radio commercial for Riunite wine (TIME, April 24).

Stuffing Bras. If all this amounts to a trend, then its culmination so far is off-Broadway's *Grease*, billed as "A New '50s Rock 'n' Roll Musical." *Grease*'s book is a silly boy-girl story, and its music and lyrics are a pastiche of early '50s rock, rarely approaching the authentic inanity of the originals. But it is exquisite and excruciating in its details, from the boys' ducktail haircuts, leather jackets and cool, hang-loose slouches to the girls' cinch belts, nylon blouses, ballet slippers with white socks, pedal pushers and black gang jackets with their insignia. The Pink Ladies, pink-embroidered on their backs,

The show was nominated for seven Tony Awards this year, and now, after a three-month run, it is about to move to a Broadway theater.

Grease's creators both went to high school in the '50s—Warren Casey, 37, in Yonkers, N.Y., and Jim Jacobs, 29, in Chicago. Jacobs, who says he was a greaser (a guy who wore his hair in a greasy ducktail), conceived the show as a celebration of the dull but peaceful era "when the only thing kids knew about the President was that he played golf and had trouble with his intestines, and the biggest tragedy in life was if you didn't get your dad's car for the drive-in."

Like the authors, most members of the audience at Manhattan's Eden Theater look like graduates of Rydell High School, class of 1959, where *Grease* is set, and they all wallow in the golden-oldies atmosphere. Laughter cascades over the footlights with every reference to "making out," exchanging school rings, going to proms in strapless dresses, stuffing Kleenex into bras and using fake ID cards to get into bars. But behind the laughter is bemusement. "They can identify with it all," says Casey, but he adds, "They are astonished that this is the past already."

His Honor at Six

To news executives of New York City's WNBC-TV it was no secret that their 6 o'clock news show was running a Muskie-like third behind the local ABC and CBS shows. What was needed, obviously, was a little readymade charisma. Where better to find it than in a proven vote getter? If TV can sell politicians, why can't politicians sell TV?

That, briefly, is how Carl Stokes, the former mayor of Cleveland and the first black mayor of a major U.S. city, came to undertake a TV career as one of the station's two anchor men last week. Professional TV newsmen were loudly disturbed at the incursion of a partisan figure into an arena that still strains for an air of impartiality. "Where can I run for mayor?" NBC's John Chancellor reportedly needed Stokes.

Viewers had other complaints. In his first few appearances, Stokes read the news as if he were practicing for an elocution lesson. NBC apparently had told him and fellow Anchor Man Paul Uddell to try for an informal, bantering approach—the secret of the ABC outlet's success. Both men found the formula uncomfortable at first, partly because they were out of sync with one another and partly because they were trying too hard. Strained humor, by definition, is no humor at all.

Nevertheless, the news on the new WNBC-TV show, as on its more successful rivals, still seems secondary to show business, and the hard facts of the day



WNBC-TV ANCHOR MAN CARL STOKES
Practicing elocution.

are even more shocking after the fun and games. WNBC-TV has ultra-glossy sets designed by Robin Wagner, designer of *Jesus Christ Superstar*, and theme music from *Shaft*. It is effective, but is it journalism?

Whatever it is, it may set a precedent. After all, John Lindsay's term as mayor of New York ends in 1973. And then there is Richard Nixon, who does not hold a permanent lease on the White House. He has always said that his second ambition was to be a sports reporter. Look to your laurels, Howard Cosell.

The Challengers

A TV or radio license has long seemed a permanent possession for most broadcasters. Though the law required periodic review of a station's performance, its right to continue using the air waves was rarely questioned, and the Federal Communications Commission tended to rubber-stamp most license renewals. No more. To the dismay of the broadcasting industry, citizen groups and rival commercial interests are posing increasingly numerous and serious challenges to the near perpetual license.

Petitions against more than 100 stations are pending with the FCC, the biggest number the overworked commission has ever had. The complaints vary, but they center mostly on allegations of inadequate programming for minorities or discrimination in hiring or promotions. The United Church of Christ, a pioneer in seeking better treatment of minorities by broadcasters, currently has seven complaints awaiting action by the FCC. They charge discriminatory policies by stations from Bakersfield, Calif., to Syracuse, N.Y.

The type of discrimination under attack was significantly broadened in a petition filed earlier this month against



SPOOFING THE '50s IN MUSICAL "GREASE"
Ducktails and pedal pushers.

New York City's WABC-TV, flagship station of the ABC-TV network. According to the complaint by the National Organization of Women, the station not only discriminates against women in employment practices but is antifemale in its basic approach, from programming to commercials. WABC's local news, said NOW, is often given over to such "frivolous items" as women's pancake contests or stories about cheerleaders. Added to the station's own anti-women programs, NOW charges, are commercials that reinforce "sex stereotypes" by showing women spending their days happily waxing floors or getting their laundry whiter than white.

Friends of the Earth, an environmental group, has filed complaints against three New York TV stations for refusing to counter automobile and gasoline advertising with ads that extol mass transit and show the evils of auto pollution. The environmentalists have argued, with support from a federal appeals court, that stations must run such commercials under the fairness doctrine. But most broadcasters are resisting on the grounds that such requirements are a threat to the autonomy of commercial broadcasting.

Victories. Despite the best efforts of the broadcasters—and often of the industry-dominated FCC—the challengers have won several major victories. After a petition by another commercial group, the license for Boston's WHDH-TV was taken away from the company that also owned the *Herald Traveler* newspaper. As a result, the *Herald Traveler*, which depended on TV revenues, will cease publication and sell its assets to the Hearst newspaper chain. In an out-of-court settlement, Mexican-American groups engineered some revisions in Time Inc.'s proposed sale of its five TV stations to McGraw-Hill. The Chicano organizations extracted pledges from McGraw-Hill to show more concern for minority problems, and they caused one station, WOOD-TV in Grand Rapids, Mich., to be excluded from the sale, arguing that the deal violated FCC guidelines in giving McGraw-Hill too great a concentration in the top 50 TV markets.

Broadcasters are now prodding Congress to pass new laws that would make such challenges more difficult. "As the system is now rigged, it invites abuse," editorialized *Broadcasting* magazine, the industry's trade journal, last week. "The end will be regulatory anarchy if Congress doesn't step in." Replies FCC Commissioner Nicholas Johnson, who opposes the commission majority and encourages challengers: "The broadcasters just want to be left alone, and I think this is intolerable. It turns out that the only people they're really serving are the advertisers and the big businessmen who are playing the tune. If the FCC won't make them come up with good programming, what the hell is the objection to letting the people do the job?"

CINEMA

Bad Lot

Films made expressly for black audiences are not so much a new genre as several old genres given a black twist. The latest type to be adapted is that venerable Hollywood standby, the western. Three current examples:

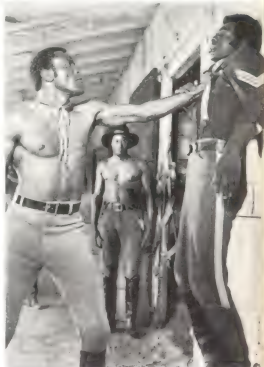
Soul Soldier, which concerns the adventures of a troop of "colored cavalry" in Texas shortly after the end of the Civil War, is so ragtag that it looks as if it might have been an aborted Poverty Program project. It features former Olympic Decathlon Champion Rafer Johnson as a stolid cavalryman who tried to keep peace with the Indians. Johnson is convincing, at least, in his stolidity.

The Legend of Nigger Charley is not much of an improvement. The plot comes more or less out of Kurosawa's *Seven Samurai*, minus three. Charley is a freed slave who rides through the Southwest righting wrongs with the help of three companions. At one point, shortly after dispatching a gang of drunken louts in a saloon set-to, they help a white homesteader fight off the attacks of a band of marauding outlaws. Charley develops a yen for the homesteader's half-breed wife, portrayed by a comely young actress named Tricia O'Neill, who represents the only vaguely interesting quality in the movie.

Charley also boasts an ex-athlete in a starring role. As Nigger Charley, Fred Williamson (called "the Hammer" as a former halfback for pro football's Kansas City Chiefs) staggers through the whole film in what seems to be a mild state of concussion, as if he'd been roughed up in a scrimmage. Williamson and Johnson were apparently recruited not only for their athletic prowess but for their pectorals. Both are frequently required to shed their shirts and flex their chests. This provokes lustful cooings from any black women in the vicinity as well as envy and wrath from Whitey, who is generally a scrawny racist with a telltale gleam of madness in his eye.

Buck and the Preacher is the best of this bad lot. Directed by and co-starring Sidney Poitier, it is at least competently made and has a few, fleeting moments of genuine fun. Poitier plays Buck, a guide whose job is to get wagon trains of poor blacks through the terrors of testy Indians and the sudden, brutal raids of freebooters hired to steer the wagons back to Louisiana, where the blacks are needed on the farms. Much to his chagrin, Buck is abetted by a smarmy and slightly balmy preacher (Harry Belafonte) who has a fine eye for the ladies and a decided interest in storing up worldly goods.

Flashing a set of scrupulously blackened teeth, Belafonte overacts outrageously but amusingly. Poitier mostly



JOHNSON (LEFT) IN "SOUL SELLER"
Prowess and pectorals.

contents himself with dispensing his standard Captain Marvel characterization. Even so, there are a couple of scenes—especially one where Buck talks quietly about an impending defeat—in which Poitier reminds us that he is still a superb actor. For the past few years, that has been all too easy to forget. ■ J.C.

Bullpen

THE HONKERS

Directed by STEVE IHNAT

Screenplay by STEVE IHNAT

and STEPHEN LODGE

As *The Honkers* started its run in theaters round the country, Director Steve Ihnat died of a heart attack at the age of 37. Under other circumstances the movie might have been called promising. Instead, it becomes a legacy.

"Honker" is rodeo slang that freely translates either as "dangerous bull" (the animal, not the conversational variety) or as a particularly accommodating woman. Examples of each species are at large in *The Honkers*, and they cause no end of mischief. Whether of the two- or four-legged variety, they have a habit of throwing the feckless hero, Lew Lathrop (James Coburn), into a ringtail loop.

Lathrop enjoys modest fame in his

The thought is from Robert Louis Stevenson. The interpretation is by Corita Kent of Immaculate Heart College.

"The cruelest lies are often told in silence."

Throughout history, the triumphs of injustice often have owed more to a silence that has been construed as consent, than to the vocal power of falsehood.

In this respect, modern broadcasting shoulders a considerable and not always comfortable obligation.

As today's equivalent of the public forum, radio and television must allow divergent voices to be heard. While responsible free discussion is the surest safeguard against the easy success of falsehood, the dialogue may be far more painful than keeping silent. Before it leads to any ultimate unity of purpose, the clash of strong opinions strongly held can produce confusion, even recrimination.

Nevertheless, the dialogue must continue. And we in broadcasting share the responsibility for its continuance.


For these are the voices of a people thinking and searching out their conscience and in turn speaking out.

GROUP



BOSTON WBZ - WBZ-TV
NEW YORK WINS
PHILADELPHIA KYW - KYW-TV
BALTIMORE WJZ-TV
PITTSBURGH KDKA - KDKA-TV
FORT WAYNE WWOV
CHICAGO WNDZ
SAN FRANCISCO KPIX
LOS ANGELES KFWB

WESTINGHOUSE BROADCASTING COMPANY



the cruellest lies
are often told
in silence

Plot Louis Stevenson

Corita



EXPERIMENTS IN PLEASURE

If a good scotch offers unlimited opportunities for enjoyment, imagine the possibilities with a great scotch.

J&B
RARE
SCOTCH
The Pleasure Principle.



CINEMA

occupation, which is rodeo riding, and immoderate success in his preoccupation, which is women. But his lust and insistent refusal to settle down prove his undoing. He loses his much abused wife (Lois Nettleton) and teen-age son just when he comes to realize he needs them both. He wrassles unsuccessfully with guilt when his best buddy, Clete (Slim Pickens), a rodeo clown who keeps an avuncular eye on Lew, gets his neck broken for his trouble. When last seen, Lew is wandering off over yonder hill, saddle over his shoulder, sadder but probably not much wiser.

This is a first feature for former Character Actor Steve Ihnat (remember the drunken Texan who beat up Marlon Brando in *The Chase*?). Ihnat bears partial responsibility for writing this lackluster plot, although as a director he fares a good deal better. Unlike most fledgling film makers, Ihnat has an unimpeachable and subtle style. He can catch the fleeting mood of a scene in a few shots, most impressively in a terse, brutal barroom brawl, and he has a good eye for local color: A rodeo parade down the main street of Carlsbad, N. Mex., is rendered faithfully and affectionately, complete with floats, officials waving smugs, three different kinds of bands (country, Mexican, rock) and a farmer's pickup truck bearing the admonition "Buy U.S.-Made Products." Throughout, the photography (by Tom Rolf) is excellent, capturing the bleached and blinding light of the Southwest. James Coburn seems to be relaxing and growing as an actor. Charming and bemused in *The Carey Treatment* (TIME, April 24), he is effectively ornery here. The rest of the cast fit snugly into their roles, too, with the exception of Anne Archer, who looks more like a Coppertone suntan model than the Indian girl friend of Coburn's she is supposed to portray.

—Joy Hicks



COBURN IN "HONKERS"
Ringtail loop.

Brace yourself. Here comes the Parent Boom.

Remember the Baby Boom of the fifties? Well, those 29 million babies are today's teenagers. And right about now, they're going to start heading out on their own.

Their own homes. Their own families. Their own businesses.

This is the Parent Boom of the seventies. And all America will feel it, including the electric companies. It means we must plan on serving millions of additional households by 1980. Whole new communities.

A lot more people.

Even though these youngsters may elect to have fewer children,

the sheer number of potential parents suggests they will account for the majority of 30 million new Americans expected in the next ten years.

"Let's clean up America," these young people are saying. As they start families of their own, this desire will take on even greater importance.

All of this, the building, the living, the shaping up is going to take a lot of energy.

Much of it will be versatile electric energy. More than we have ever produced before.

Our country's ability to do the work that needs to be done will depend on an adequate supply of electricity. There's no time to waste. New generating facilities must be built, and built in a way compatible with our environment.

We'll continue working to do this. But we need your understanding today to meet tomorrow's needs.

The people at your Investor-Owned Electric Light and Power Companies.*

*For names of sponsoring companies, write to Power Companies, 1345 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10019.





McLAREN FROM FRONT & REAR



LOLA HUGS TRACK ON BEND



EAGLE IN STRAIGHT STRETCH



PARNELLI IN THE PITS

Winging It at Indy

The strange machines look as if they might suddenly dip flaps, lift noses and head off into the wild blue yonder, borne on small wings that protrude fore and aft, and sometimes in between. Actually the wings, or foils, have an entirely different purpose. They are aerodynamically designed to keep a dazzling new crop of racing cars glued to the ground in this year's Indianapolis 500, giving them better stability and traction and thus greater speed. This Saturday, as the traditional field of 33 cars challenges Indy's confining concrete-walled track, speed—much more than ever before—is what the expected crowd of 350,000 is almost sure to get.

The qualifying trials already have produced astounding times. Of the first dozen drivers to make the field, eleven broke last year's record qualifying speed of 178.696 miles an hour. Bobby Unser's average for four laps of the 2.1-mile rectangular speedway was a phenomenal 195.940. That average was achieved in one of the sleekest new cars, an Eagle-Offenhauser designed by Los Angeleno Roman Slobodinsky. Besides wings, the vehicle has air scoops streamlined into its sides, thus reducing the drag caused by nose scoops.

Other winged beauties include an Eric Broadley-designed Lola, which has its engine-cooling air vents mounted like hollow eyes in front of the driver's cockpit; the Maurice Philippe-designed Parnelli, which had two of its multiple wings clipped after some experimentation; and the McLaren, which got almost everybody wing-conscious when it appeared last year with a striking rear-mounted foil.

The new body designs are not the only factors behind this year's Indy speed boom. As happens virtually every year, engines are more powerful than ever and perhaps more prone to break down—dozens, worth about \$30,000 each, have blown up during trials over the past few weeks. Other boosts to speed are new tires which have no tread. This puts more rubber on the track to provide even better traction. Along with the greater speed, however, comes higher risk. In a practice run last week, veteran Jim Malloy hit the wall as he came out of a turn at around 175 m.p.h. He died four days later, bringing the fatality toll at Indy since it started in 1911 to 49.

Triumph for the Old Man

It was just as if Willie Mays had hit two game-winning home runs off Mickey Lolich in the World Series. Or George Blanda had outplayed Roger Staubach in back-to-back Super Bowls. Or Sammy Sneed had beaten Jack Nicklaus in successive play-offs for the Mas-

ters. Last week, at 37, for the second year in a row, Ken Rosewall won the world championship of professional tennis. Once again, he did it by defeating the most formidable opponent possible, Rod ("The Rocket") Laver.

The match, held in Dallas, was more than a personal and profitable triumph for the "old man" of the professional tennis circuit; it was a vicarious victory for all middle-aged athletes who are over the hill or who never even got to the crest. Rosewall (who is nicknamed "Muscles" because of his slight build) won the \$50,000 first prize by refusing to sag in a match that was wearing on both body and mind. The five sets lasted for a stamina-sapping three hours and 37 minutes, and the last two sets were decided by the nerve-jangling tie-breaker scoring system. Final score: 4-6, 6-0, 6-3, 6-7, 7-6.

The marathon was a particular triumph for tennis, which is one of the fastest-growing U.S. sports but has had relatively little exposure on national television. This time, however, a nationwide audience tuned in to the NBC-TV network saw one of the most dramatic



WINNER KEN ROSEWALL

Making boomerangs . . .

and well-played matches in tennis history. Searching for a comparison, one columnist reached back to Don Budge-Baron von Cramm at Wimbledon before World War II.

Budge owed much of his victory in that match to a backhand that was considered the best ever until Rosewall came along. Hit by Rosewall with a gracefulness that belies its guile and power, the stroke undid Laver in the closing exchanges of the last set.

Throughout the match, Rosewall also employed two other great assets: a crisp and deftly angled volley, and an anticipation that turned some Laver bullets into boomerangs.

Rosewall has been playing the same sort of stylish tennis since the '50s, when he and another Australian teen-ager, Lew Hoad, were beating U.S. Davis Cup teams manned by Vic Seixas and Tony Trabert. It has helped him win major titles over an incredible span: the U.S. championship in 1956 and again in 1970; the French championship in 1953 and 1968; the Australian championship four times, the first in 1953 and the most recent just this year.

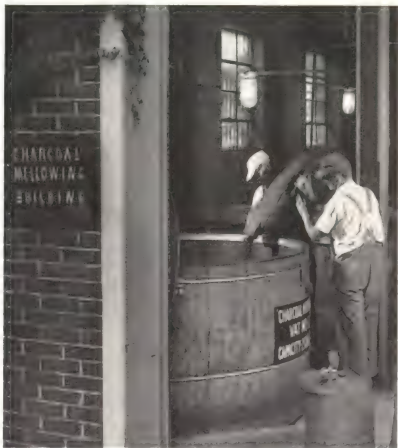
Muscles and Energy. Few athletes in any sport have aged as imperceptibly as Rosewall, either in performance or appearance. Slightly under 5 ft. 7 in. tall, he has held his weight around 140 lbs. for most of his playing career. His apparent signs of fatigue between points—hanging his head, then lifting it again with a visible sigh—have long been a Rosewall trademark. Actually, like former Cleveland Fullback Jimmy Brown, Muscles saves his energy for the moments when the ball is in play.

Rosewall is careful not to live it up. Despite his Aussie heritage, he drinks less beer than even some of the American players. While traveling, he writes four letters a week to his wife and two sons in Sydney. Back home for a rest after his Dallas triumph, Rosewall counted his earnings so far this year (\$104,750) and pondered his future. He plans to take another crack next year at the only major title that has eluded him, Wimbledon. By then he will be 38, six years older than Jaroslav Drobný was in 1954 when he scraped by a 19-year-old prodigy to win Wimbledon. The name of the prodigy: Ken Rosewall.



LOSER ROD LAVER
... out of bullets.

TIME, MAY 29, 1972



RIGHT HERE, IN THIS VAT of hard maple charcoal, is where Jack Daniel's becomes a smooth, sippin' Tennessee Whiskey.



When we first make Jack Daniel's it's much like any good whiskey. But then, in our mellowing house, we give it an extra blessing. Here, every drop is seeped through twelve feet of charcoal

before aging. And this slow trip puts it in a class all its own. Charcoal mellowing is why no other whiskey achieves such rare, sippin' smoothness. And why our labels will always read: Jack Daniel's Tennessee Whiskey.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED
DROP
BY DROP

TENNESSEE WHISKEY • 90 PROOF
© 1972, Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc.
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY • LYNCHBURG (POP. 361), TENNESSEE

An Iron Will to Form

The New York art world forgives little but forgets much. It treats history as surf: either you catch the wave or you miss it. And a number of admirable painters have simply floated or drifted away onto other waters. One of these is Milton Resnick, 55, who has not exhibited in New York since 1964. His current exhibition at the Max Hutchinson Gallery marks the reappearance of an exceptional and independent vision.

"Here goes," wrote Resnick a decade ago. "I am not the follower of Monet. I am not an admirer or follower of De Kooning. I am not an action

tact with his painting. Brush marks pile on one another, forming a layered web of minutely graded pigment. (Sometimes the crust gets so thick that it is physically unwieldy: one large canvas in the show, *Pink Fire*, has 450 lbs. of paint on it.)

The effect is not of a grand abstract-expressionist gesture, but rather a quiet, inexorable accumulation of incidents. Light drifts slowly up through the paint and glows silently on the surface. Paintings that seem monochrome—Resnick's work always has one dominant color, whether cobalt blue, pink or a peculiarly sensuous acid green—disclose, on study, fascinating inflections and qualifications. These nuances constitute a structure. Resnick's paintings, unlike those of some so-called "lyrical abstractionists": 20 years his junior, never go soft or flossy; they are controlled by an iron will to form. Except that the forms do not become explicit; they remain stored in the pigment like warmth in stone.

■ Robert Hughes

Bland and Maniacal

There are artists who remain boy wonders in the public eye until the gates of the geriatric home clang shut behind them. This threatens to be the fate of David Hockney. He was still a 25-year-old student at London's Royal College of Art when his work began to attract notice in 1962. In the decade since then he has remained one of the most conspicuous figures in the English art world. The Clairol-bleached thatch, the Yorkshire accent and the owl-like stare through horn-rims the size of old Bentley headlights have become almost as much a part of the London myth as Twiggy. But a serious painter lurks behind the ruffle of publicity, and Hockney's new show, at New York's André Emmerich Gallery, demonstrates how wiry and controlled his talent is.

Part of the attraction that Hockney's work exerts is its mixture of unusual guile and apparent naiveté. He is a painter of frozen pleasures, held in ironic parentheses as though behind glass—the artificial but absorbingly hedonistic blue of Los Angeles swimming pools, the plastic palms, the flat glitter of light on a shower stall or a street façade. It is all painted deadpan, and Hockney's poker-faced style, coupled with his liking for artifacts as subjects, has given rise to the illusion that he is an English Pop artist. But unlike Pop, his work is not concerned with advertising or blare or mass production.

Humor. In Hockney's most recent painting, even the elaborate ambiguities have dropped away, leaving an exhibition of (almost) normal genre painting and landscape. Some of the humor remains. One painting looks like an or-

thodox New York abstraction, with a plane of blue punctuated by a red geometric circle; not until you consult the catalogue do you find that it is a view from above a swimming pool, with a rubber ring floating on the surface. But in general, Hockney's new scenes are as visually straightforward as anyone might wish. So where does their odd presence come from?

In part, from their stillness, which is—if such a combination can be imagined—both bland and maniacal. Hockney's enormous *Still Life (Glass Table)*, 1972, is played down almost to silence; none of the spidery, wandering and quirkish line of his graphic work survives in it. Object answers object, bowl to lamp shade to vase of tulips, across an expanse of plate glass that seems as large and expectant as a De Chirico piazza. Everything is given extreme dis-

JIM RYAN



DAVID HOCKNEY ON U.S. VISIT
Part of the London myth.

MILTON RESNICK WITH ABSTRACTION
"I will not take my hat off."

painter. I am not an abstract expressionist. I am not younger than anybody or older. I will not take my hat off to any other artist living or dead in all the world. I know this." With that, he turned his back on New York and moved to New Mexico. Resnick's interests as an abstract painter seemed to become obsolete, superseded by all those miles of unprimed duck, flat acrylic and masking tape.

Not any more—fortunately. In isolation, Resnick's work has developed steadily, and it now stands at an exhilarating pitch of concentration. He may not be Monet's follower, but his pictures do bear similarities to the late Monet lily ponds, not only in format—they are usually long, narrow rectangles, which drench the viewer in a field of color—but also in their light and density of surface. Resnick is a quite traditional painter, to the extent that he works in intimate, stroke-by-stroke con-

tinuity but deprived of weight, and the effect is decidedly eerie.

So, too, when Hockney tackles the least promising of subjects in *French Shop*, 1971. The building is all façade; nothing stirr. It is hardly more than a doll's house with a sign on it. The vacancy is such that one needs time to notice the brilliant precision with which every shape is disposed on the canvas. It takes time to recognize that this deliberation is a form of irony. But it is, Hockney makes a delicate caricature of high seriousness; one is never sure whether he is offering the chair or whisking it away. Thus his paintings occupy a very fine edge between poignancy and burlesque, submitting neither to the expressionist flavor of one nor to the cartooning of the other. What his work amounts to is a visual comedy of manners. Hockney's vision is both courteous and sharp; he is the Anthony Powell of painting.

■ R.H.



The French Shop—1971



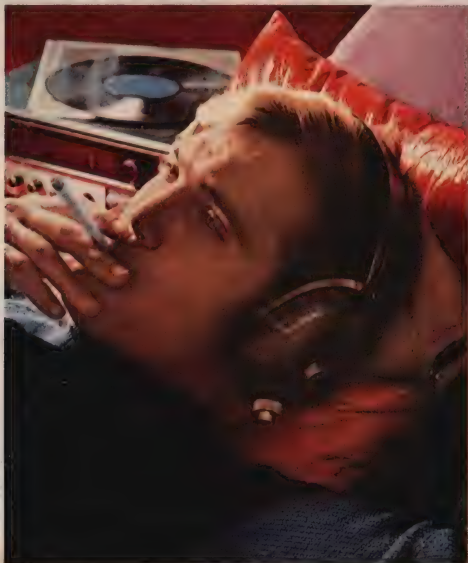
Still Life (Glass Table)—1972

What a good time for all the good things of a Kent.

Mild, smooth taste. King size or Deluxe 100's.
And the exclusive Micronite filter.



Sounds 'n Kent!



Kings, 17 mg. "tar"
1.0 mg. nicotine
100's, 10 mg. "tar"
1.2 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette
FTC Report
Aug. '71

© Lorillard 1971

RELIGION

The Right to Be Different

In 1968 three farmers in New Glarus, Wis., refused to enroll their 14- and 15-year-old children in the local public high school. They were fined \$5 each* for violating Wisconsin's compulsory-school-attendance law. A small case, but a crucial one. The three farmers—Jonas Yoder, Wallace Miller and Adin Yutzy—were Amish. They had kept their children out of high school as a matter of religious conscience, because the Amish eschew too much worldly knowledge. Total pacifists, they could not even personally fight the convictions; by the strict tenets of their faith, a court suit would violate Jesus' injunction to "turn the other cheek."

Other Christians decided, on their behalf, that meekness had its limits. A small group called the National Committee for Amish Religious Freedom—including among its members a Roman Catholic, a Lutheran and some sympathetic ex-Amish—took up the case. Last week in the Supreme Court, they won a significant Constitutional victory. In a 7-0 decision, the court upheld a 1971 Wisconsin Supreme Court ruling that the state's compulsory-education law violated the Amish right to religious freedom. Justice William O. Douglas filed a partial dissent because two of the three children had not been consulted for their own views.

Hippie Heroes. Although *Wisconsin v. Yoder* was the first Supreme Court case in the long history of the Amish in the U.S., the Amish have always been a people apart, at odds with society. Their founder, Jakob Ammann, was a Mennonite bishop in 17th century Switzerland. After Ammann clashed with the sect's leaders over fine points of observance and demanded strict excommunication of backsliders, he and his followers broke away in 1693 and became the Amish. They sought refuge in America after William Penn's colony became a haven of religious freedom.

Over the years, as they spread into other states and increased their numbers to about 60,000, the Amish have still clutched that religious freedom doggedly. As one result, they can stand as heroes to laissez-faire conservatives on the one hand and to hippie-type communal dropouts on the other. Though they are farmers, they steadfastly refuse farm subsidies. They do not need, or want, welfare payments of any kind. They refuse to pay Social Security taxes or accept Social Security benefits: care of the elderly, they insist, is their religious duty. They do not want to grow rich. When oil was discovered on some Amish farms in Kansas, the owners sold the farms and moved elsewhere. Most

Amish communities forbid the ownership (though not the occasional use) of automobiles, tractors and telephones. Emergency use of electricity may be permitted, but radio and television are not. They farm organically. Their consumption is so inconspicuous that merchants complain about their thrift.

Going English. To achieve this lonely differentness, the Amish have had to keep family and community close-knit—an important factor in last week's decision. Unlike the Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana Amish communities, all large and long established, the Amish settlers in the rolling countryside around New Glarus (pop. 1,400) are a group of about 150 newcomers who began to drift into the area in 1964.

At first, they not only sent their children to the public grade schools, a longtime Amish practice, but some parents permitted their teen-agers to attend two years of high school as well. Still, they feared that high school would tempt their children to "go English," as the Amish refer to slipping into worldly ways. The "English" world is non-Amish society; among themselves most Amish speak the German dialect known as Pennsylvania Dutch, and in religious services they use High German. New Glarus Farmer Wallace Miller, father of twelve and one of the respondents in the Supreme Court case, explained other Amish objections to high school: "We like our children to learn the three Rs, and the public schools were getting away from that. And then we don't approve of teaching certain things, like evolution or some [competitive] sports."

William Ball, the Roman Catholic

attorney who argued the case for the Amish, pointed out to the court that the children's education does not cease when they leave school: their families continue to train them in an "education for life," emphasizing the "classical wisdom" of producing moral men. The state had contended that Amish children who left school before the statutory age of 16 could become burdens to the community. Testimony from previous appeals showed otherwise. No Amish teen-ager in New Glarus had ever been arrested for any crime; no Amish at all had an illegitimate birth or accepted any public assistance.

The court made clear that it was the strict faith of the Amish—and not mere "secular" disagreement with society's educational goals—that enabled the religious freedom guarantee to override the state's right to set educational standards. It also noted that the Amish sought exemption only from high school, not grade school. The decision will be small comfort to more modern communists and dropouts who would like to get away from it all and educate their children in their own ways. Even so hallowed an anti-Establishment position as that of Henry David Thoreau, the court noted, was "philosophical and personal rather than religious," and would not be enough to allow a child to escape the long arm of the truant officer.

Small Step for Bishops

In Roman Catholic teaching, the bishops of the church are the successors of the Apostles. Only the Pope, in modern times, has had the authority to appoint new bishops, though usually he has chosen them from nominations made by local bishops, by his own representative to the country in question, or

YOUNG AMISH BOYS RUNNING DOWN COUNTRY ROAD AFTER SERVICES



*The minimum penalty in this test case. Had appeals failed, they would have been liable to daily indictments and more severe penalties.

A House Is More Than A Home. It's A Blue-Chip Investment.

By John P. Farry, President,
United States Savings and Loan League



Despite all the talk these days about protecting your dollar, sound investments and hedges against inflation, the purchase of a home is seldom mentioned. Yet, a well-built home in a good neighborhood is one of the best hedges against inflation your money can buy.

In the recent years of inflation, for example, home and land values have more than kept abreast of the general rise in prices.

This means that your home investment puts you considerably ahead of the game financially. Not to mention the pride and pleasure that home ownership can bring you.

There is no reason to believe that this situation will change in the near future. During the 1960s American household formations increased about one million a year. During the 1970s households will probably increase at an even greater rate; some estimates are as high as 40%.

Savings and Loan Associations help more people buy homes than all other financial institutions combined. It's the reason why Savings and Loans are in business.

Happily, home mortgage interest rates are lower now than they have been in years. Savings deposits are up and the supply of mortgage credit is ample.

When you find your dream house, make the next stop your nearest Savings and Loan Association.

Savings And Loan Associations

We're doing a lot for America. We want to do more.

RELIGION

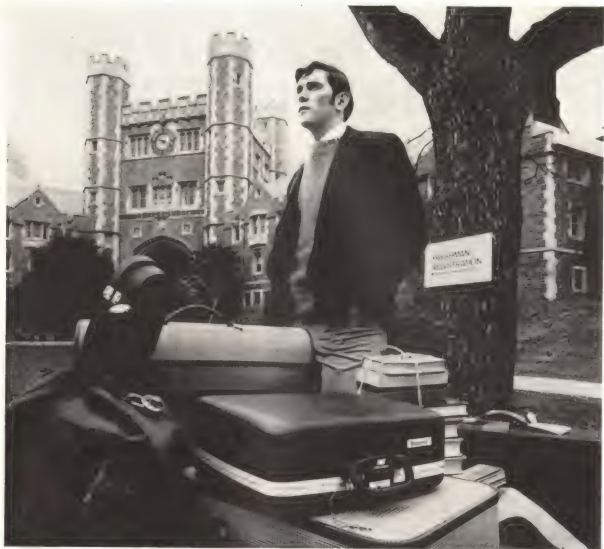
In a few exceptional cases by a cathedral chapter or a government. In the wake of Vatican Council II, liberals hoped that bishops might once more be elected, as they were in ancient Christianity, by the "people of God" they would be serving —lay as well as clerical. This week, after four years of Vatican studies, surveys and consultations, a new set of rules for naming Latin Rite bishops goes into effect. They by no means bring sweeping democratic reform.

The new rules give bishops the option, though not the obligation, of consulting with individual lower clergy and laity within their regions on the type of candidate needed. (Collective consultations with groups like priests' councils, though, are ruled out, to avoid any semblance of an electoral process.) The rules also increase the number of bishops involved in each nominating process. National episcopal conferences may henceforth approve, disapprove or add to lists of local nominations that previously went straight to papal representatives and on to Rome. In addition, any bishop anywhere may forward his own nomination directly to the Pope. The Pope reserves the option of choosing names not on the lists.

To guide the nominations, a new profile of a model bishop puts greater stress on theology (an area in which many U.S. bishops are weak) and emphasizes "social sense, spirit of dialogue and cooperation, and openness to the signs of the times."

Despite the urging of reformers, the new norms preserve the intermediary role of the papal representative in each country, who investigates nominees and can also make nominations of his own. The once formidable power of that representative, however, is somewhat diluted. He must now consult with churchmen of the country, and may confer with laymen as well. Throughout all of the procedures, the rules re-emphasize the requirement of "papal secrecy," which forbids the revelation of nominees' names to anyone not involved in the process. The secrecy, says the Vatican, "is demanded by the very nature of the matter and by the respect due to the persons being considered."

While some Catholic progressives greeted the new rules as a step in the right direction, however small, outspoken Theologian Hans Küng (*Intaffable? Why Priests?*) of Germany's Tübingen University was less sanguine. Küng called the regulations "poorly applied cosmetics... eyewash for the growing choir of criticism from both clergy and laity." A case in point for Küng's skepticism is one of the Pope's recent episcopal choices, Bishop Johannes Gijzen of the Dutch diocese of Roermond, who was selected over the nominees of the diocesan chapter. Three days after the Vatican announced the new rules, Gijzen made clear how he felt about all the options. On personnel decisions in his diocese, said the new bishop, he will consult nobody but himself.



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With a dishonest watch
you go around begging
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Trying to spot a clock.

And getting dirty looks
from the lady sitting next to
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have to beg anyone for the
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lady sitting next to you, it
won't be for staring at her
wrist.

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The faithful tuning fork watch.

Shown: Accutron "263". Combination brushed and polished stainless steel case. Applied silver markers. Sunray silver dial.

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THE TREASURY

Soldier Shultz's Reward

BEFORE Phases I and II, there was no more obdurate opponent of wage and price controls than George Pratt Shultz, the free-marketeering budget director. As one of the Administration's two or three most influential economic policymakers, he counseled President Nixon to pursue a hands-off approach. But when that policy demonstrably failed and the President froze wages and prices last Aug. 15, Shultz, the good soldier, helped set up the con-

came dean of the University of Chicago's Graduate School of Business. Nixon named Shultz Secretary of Labor in 1968. Since then, Shultz has become an Administration insider, taking on countless quiet missions for the President. He has negotiated compromises with Southern school officials over desegregation, and kept lines of communication open with AFL-CIO President George Meany.

Shultz has served the President loy-

ally, but not always effectively. As Labor Secretary, he encouraged businessmen to fight inflationary wage increases by taking labor strikes, notably the General Electric strike of 1969. This contributed to slowing the economy but had no significant effect on braking wage increases after the 8% G.E. settlement. Later, as budget chief, Shultz advocated "benign neglect" of the U.S. balance of payments problem. Nixon repudiated that advice on Aug. 15 by ending the convertibility of the dollar.

As Treasury, Shultz will try to sell the President's economic policies to Congress, and he may have some trouble. The two most important committee chairmen in Treasury matters, the House Ways and Means Committee's Wilbur Mills and the Senate Finance Committee's Russell Long, were not overly pleased about his appointment. "We would prefer Secretary Connally to anybody, including Mr. Shultz," Long said.

Yankee Traders. On the international front, Shultz may be every bit as effective as Connally, though in an entirely different way. In pursuit of more favorable exchange rates and trade terms for the U.S., Connally antagonized central bankers with his do-it-my-way bargaining tactics. Shultz, the polite, conciliatory bargainer, will probably be as determined as Connally in insisting that Europe and Japan trim back some of their dollar surpluses by making trade concessions to the U.S., but he should ruffle fewer foreign finance ministers. As he said once: "We are merely trying to refurbish and revitalize our tradition of being fair, hard-bargaining Yankee traders."

□□□

If Government spending has to be cut later this year, the man who will succeed Shultz as budget chief, Casper Weinberger, is well suited to the task. A former California Republican chairman, Weinberger served briefly and vigorously as head of the Federal Trade Commission before becoming Shultz's deputy at the Office of Management and Budget. Because of his passion for slashing departmental spending requests, particularly for social programs, he has earned the label "Cap the Knife."



WEINBERGER & NEWLY NAMED SECRETARY SHULTZ IN A WHITE HOUSE OFFICE
George the Mild takes on Congress and the foreign bankers.

trol mechanism and defended it against criticism. That kind of loyalty is rare among independent thinkers, and last week Shultz was rewarded. The President promoted him to Secretary of the Treasury, replacing John Connally, who can leave in good conscience because production and profits are rising fast.

When it comes to directing U.S. economic policy, the Secretary's job is as powerful or as puny as its holder makes it. Tough-yet-charming Connally, 55, crafted it into a position of unchallengeable pre-eminence. There is much speculation about how quiet, conciliatory Shultz, 51, will handle the job. As Shultz said of Connally last week: "Big John put on an extraordinary performance. I hope he puts a telephone at his ranch in Texas so we will be able to get hold of him there."

A *cum laude* graduate of Princeton, Shultz was a Marine major in the Pacific during World War II. He earned a Ph.D. in industrial economics at M.I.T., taught there for a decade and later be-

came dean of the University of Chicago's Graduate School of Business. Nixon named Shultz Secretary of Labor in 1968. Since then, Shultz has become an Administration insider, taking on countless quiet missions for the President. He has negotiated compromises with Southern school officials over desegregation, and kept lines of communication open with AFL-CIO President George Meany.

Shultz guessed wrong on both. He maintained that the economy needed no big increase in fiscal stimulus last year because he forecast that the gross national product would jump smartly to \$1,065 billion; in fact, that prediction was \$18 billion too optimistic. This year he helped persuade the President to boost the economy with a tax cut, but he underestimated the dampening effect of new withholding schedules. Partly as a result of this, his planned \$38

To Dad,

This little bottle's here to say
you've made me what I am today.

Your stories of bankers, your stories
of kings, your stories of conglomerates,
they taught me things.

So today I'm rich, today I'm wiser.
But as this gift shows, Dad,
I'm not a miser.



OPINION

How Executives Rate Nixon

BUSINESS executives are usually the most zealous supporters of a Republican President, but they show considerable reluctance about Richard Nixon. In 1968 the President won the votes of 84% of the officers (vice-presidential rank or higher) who run the nation's 500 largest industrial companies. He may well win as many this year, but largely because the executives see no acceptable alternative. James Howell, vice president of First National Bank of Boston, says that many of his high-ranking colleagues, "being typically New England businessmen, would like to support Nixon, but they find it a damn difficult job to do." The chief of one of the blue-chip corporations represented on the Business Council, an advisory group to the Administration, is only slightly more complimentary: "Nixon is not brilliant, or the best we have had, but he is what we've got."

No Lark. Such responses are typical of scores of men in command of major corporations interviewed last week by TIME correspondents. Hardly anyone would be quoted by name. Businessmen dare not risk alienating whoever wields the vast and increasing power of government. The majority are certain that Nixon will win re-election and do not want him to read and remember even the most mildly critical opinions; those disposed to compliment the President often do so privately lest a possible Democratic successor mark their words. Most doubt that Nixon has brought the nation's foreign or economic problems under control—but they also doubt that anyone else would do better.

Some company officers still nurse scars of the 1970 recession, which re-

sulted from Nixon's earlier attempts to stop inflation by slowing the economy. Says Robert Rowan, president of Detroit-based Fruehauf Corp.: "It was a hell of a lot easier to make money under Johnson than it has been under Nixon. The last three years have been anything but a lark."

Businessmen almost unanimously fault Nixon for allowing inflation to rage much too long before imposing controls. When he finally did put on controls, however, he won new sympathy from executives, including Democrats. "You have to give him credit for having the flexibility to change from a disastrous policy of tight money and laissez-faire," says Howard Stein, head of the Dreyfus Corp., who was chief fund raiser for the 1968 campaign of Democrat Eugene McCarthy.

Quite a few businessmen are in favor of controls but annoyed by bureaucratic confusion in applying them. Both Rawleigh Warner Jr., chairman of Mobil Oil, and John Watlington, president of Winston-Salem's Wachovia Bank, say that the Price Commission has accused their companies of not filing required profit reports, although in fact they did. At the Price Commission, says Warner, "the right hand does not know what the left hand is doing." The quickening upturn in business the last few months has allayed many executives' doubts about Nixon, but others still worry that the domestic economic difficulties have been temporarily soothed, not solved. "We are not really holding down inflation," says Ralph Ables, chairman of Ogden Corp., the Manhattan-based conglomerate. Like many other executives, Ables is also "very concerned

about the balance of payments, the strength of the dollar and the budget deficits."

On the foreign front, most businessmen support Nixon's mining of North Vietnamese ports, but their feeling seems to be at least as much a patriotic rally-round-the-flag reaction as specific approval of the move. The head of a major aerospace corporation told a private management meeting that "even if you don't support the President's war policies—which I happen to—you have an obligation to unite behind him during this difficult time." Other corporate chiefs are nervous about the threat of an intensified war but support Nixon because they believe that he is genuinely eager to get the U.S. out of Viet Nam. There is no discernible support in the business community for staying in Viet Nam and fighting to a finish; even in conservative Texas, many executives would accept a coalition government in Saigon as a way for the U.S. to leave the war "with honor." There will be a noticeable rise in businessmen's support of Nixon if he comes home from Moscow with a handsome new deal for increased U.S.-Soviet trade.

Despite the lack of enchantment with Nixon, there is no Democratic candidate in sight who stands to collect many business votes. Indeed, businessmen become increasingly pro-Nixon the more they contemplate his opposition. Says Fletcher Byrom, chairman of Koppers Co. in Pittsburgh: "The alternatives to his re-election could be so disastrous that you've got to be for Nixon."

England's Way. George McGovern scares businessmen, including many Democrats, because of his advocacy of deep cuts in the defense budget, minimum-income grants calculated to shift \$43 billion a year from the more affluent to the relatively poor and, above all, tax changes that would sharply increase levies on corporations and

THE PRESIDENT MEETS NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MANUFACTURERS BOARD AT NAM'S CONGRESS OF AMERICAN INDUSTRY (1970)



BUSINESS

wealthy individuals. One Pittsburgh steel chief describes his reaction to McGovern as "sheer terror." A California conglomerate boss says: "McGovern's whole program is just plain socialism, which will destroy the incentive system that makes this country great. We will go the way England went, and that means that there will be no free world left." George Wallace has no appeal because he represents poor-man's populism. Hubert Humphrey arouses no passionate opposition but little liking either; executives are wary of his political debts to big labor leaders, who are his strongest supporters. A few businessmen believe that Edmund Muskie might have united the nation, but since he has ceased active campaigning, that is little more than wishful thinking.

Connally Up. At least one nominal Democrat does win enthusiastic admiration: John Connally. Executives admire him as the architect of Nixon's anti-inflation controls and a tough and successful bargainer with foreign money-men. "Connally has been good," says Harry Topliss, treasurer of Atlanta's Scientific-Atlanta, a maker of electronic instruments. "The problem of our money had to be solved, and he took a firm stance."

Although devaluation of the dollar and currency realignments last December only temporarily shored up the shaky world financial system, executives believe that Connally made much progress toward winning for the U.S. a more favorable monetary and trade position. An officer of a West Coast conglomerate adds that when Connally addressed the Business Council last year, "he had us jumping up and down cheering." Such sentiments suggest that, should Nixon choose Connally as his Vice President, the Texan will give the ticket a charisma that the President himself cannot provide—at least in the eyes of businessmen.

INEFFICIENCY

The Dress Mess

It was a genuine sheepskin coat, chic, classy and no less than \$175 off the rack at Saks Fifth Ave. When its wearer reached for a taxi door one morning, only a part of the sheep went with her: the left sleeve tore away from the armhole. A fluke perhaps, but not if the sour suspicions of a swelling number of retailers and their customers are correct. In all price ranges, women's clothing is suffering a major crisis of quality.

Dangling threads, unpressed seams, bulging linings, drooping hems, pop-off buttons, crooked pockets, puckered zippers, flawed fabrics and mismatched sizes are common. Seamstresses are being deluged with requests from unwary purchasers to patch up the flaws. Customers, retailers and even manufacturers acknowledge that the dress mess is critical. "It is the biggest unsolved problem in retailing," says Cyril Magnin, chairman of San Francisco-based Joseph Magnin, adding, "I spend more time on the quality problem than anything else." Margaret Dadian, vice president for the Midwest's Kay Campbell's Shops, headquartered in Evanston, Ill., calls the problem "the biggest, fattest nuisance in the world; it gets me ready to explode." Says Helen Galland, vice president and general merchandise manager of Bonwit Teller in Manhattan: "We could run a button business on the side. The manufacturers have not yet perfected a method of keeping them on."

Blooper Snooters. To quiet the growing clamor of consumer complaints, retailers are hiring more and more people to examine incoming merchandise. Kay Campbell's used to have salesclerks send back defective clothes once a season; now a full-time inspector examines each garment as it is re-

ceived. Joseph Magnin has taken on four quality controllers in California and one on New York's Seventh Ave., where most women's wear originates. In the past year, the company has dropped ten suppliers that had repeatedly shipped faulty goods.

Why the mess? The fickleness of fashion has meant that manufacturers have less lead time in bringing out their new styles. "Being first is now much more important than having quality in much of merchandising," says Carl Livingston Jr., president of Livingston Bros. specialty shops in San Francisco. A manufacturer caught in the revolving door of fashion often has to settle for fabrics and workmanship that he would otherwise reject. Because of rising labor costs, more garments are being put together piece by piece on assembly lines, and fewer are hand sewn. Says Designer Anne Klein: "When a worker works on only one section of the garment and not from the beginning to the end, he cannot have pride in his creation. He cannot feel fulfillment."

In addition, the garment industry has long depended on the skill of immigrant tailors and seamstresses. Now the Old World craftsmen are aging, and clothing makers have trouble finding replacements.

Ready to Tear. There may be some relief in sight for women fed up with ready-to-tear clothing. Next fall's fashions, at least the more expensive lines, are promised to be sturdier and less complicated than present offerings, with soft fabrics and classic lines predominating. "The gag thing is over," says Designer Chester Weinberg. "Now clothes are going to become simpler." Until stores can be stocked with these utopian raiments, women will have to follow the advice of Bonwit's Helen Galland: "People should look closely. It is very obvious what is well made and what is not." Or a woman could simply give in to the natural impulse to wear a newly purchased dress out of the store. If the buttons fall off or the seams split before she gets out the door, she can return it on the spot.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE QUALITY CONTROLLER EXAMINING NEW MERCHANDISE FOR FLAWS



JOBS

More Room at the Top

Quite suddenly, the long-dormant job market for top- and middle-level executives has turned around. "March was the biggest month in our 26-year history," exults Frederick Linton, president of Boyden Associates Inc., a Manhattan-based executive-search firm. Thomas Meade, president of Krempel & Meade in Los Angeles, says that his company has experienced "one of the greatest reversals ever—from a turgid executive job market to an extremely active one."

The upswing is uneven. Aerospace and computer companies still offer few jobs, but construction, real es-



**A half hour ago the Coopers parked
their car in front of the house for the night.**

They don't know it yet, but their car has just become a statistic.

It's now one of the nearly one million cars stolen each year.

And if it isn't found promptly, the chances are good that it'll never be recovered.

Because car theft is now one of the biggest businesses around. And those who make a living at it are experts.

Professional thieves work with experienced mechanics, forgers, spotters and lookouts.

Between them they'll change the vehicle identification numbers on your car, provide it with forged registration papers and sell it as a legitimate piece of property.

Or they'll cut it up for parts and sell it piecemeal, often making an even bigger profit.

Unfortunately for the Coopers, the average professional thief steals mostly from wealthier suburban neighborhoods after dark.

And he takes more than half the cars he steals from right in front of the owner's home or driveway.

Obviously, had the Coopers known this, they would have parked their car in the garage.

But they didn't.

That's why your local Continental agent (you'll find him in the Yellow Pages) is now offering a free pamphlet on exactly this subject.

It's called: "What You Should Know About The Stolen Car Problem." If you'd like a copy, just drive over and ask him for one. While you still have a car.



Your Continental Insurance Agent
When you're with him, he's with you.

WHAT YOU SHOULD
KNOW
ABOUT THE STOLEN
CAR PROBLEM

BUSINESS

tate, health-care, pharmaceutical, leasing and financial firms are actively looking for new managers. Financial and marketing officers are most in demand. Salaries are up too; some companies will pay 10% or 15% more to fill a slot than they would have a year ago. They have more top jobs than middle-management openings to fill, and age is a barrier only to those in the middle ranks. One major Manhattan recruiter notes that a 63-year-old executive who earns \$200,000 a year has an easier time switching jobs than a middle-manager in his 50s who makes \$15,000. The Boyden agency is searching for 18 presidents v. a "normal" twelve to 14.

The continued rise in the U.S. economy is not the only reason for the upturn on top. Some companies got too enthusiastic about lopping off "unnecessary" managers last year, and now must refill some jobs. Still, traces of recession-bred caution remain. Employers take much longer to make sure that they find just the right man for a post. Searches that used to be finished in six weeks now often last three to four months.

The executive market is just a bit too active for one search firm, Wilkinson, Sedwick & Yelverton in Los Angeles. Last month its members voted to take in Robert P. Gray, a former Litton Industries manager, as a partner. On the way to his first company meeting, Gray got a phone call offering him a different job. He traveled East to look into it—and joined Manhattan's Wheelabrator-Frye, a pollution-control-equipment company, as a senior vice president at \$120,000 a year.

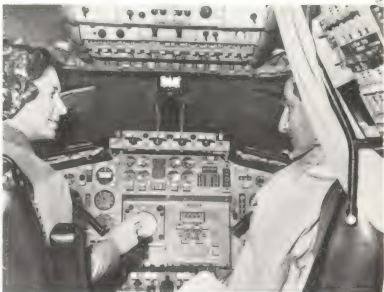
AEROSPACE

Discord over Concorde

The date: June 1975. The place: Nord Airport, Paris. Passengers are checking in for one of the first supersonic Concorde flights to New York. Each passenger is weighed with his baggage, while an adding machine tows up the mounting burden: 18,000 lbs. ... 19,000 lbs. ... 19,800 lbs. At that point a corpulent Frenchman steps on the scales, clocking 220 lbs. "Pardon, M'sieur," says the clerk. "You cannot travel today. Even without your baggage you would put the Concorde over its weight limit."

That look into the future may not be farfetched. The Concorde's small payload, mounting costs and environmental effects are creating discord in Britain and France. This week British Aerospace Minister Michael Heseltine and French Transport Minister Jean Chamant meet in Toulouse for urgent discussions of ways to ease the problems surrounding the plane. TIME European Economic Correspondent Roger Beardwood (210 lbs.) reports:

When the Anglo-French Concorde project was announced a decade ago, the estimated cost was \$440 million.



PRINCESS MARGARET IN SUPERSONIC'S COCKPIT FOR TEST FLIGHT THIS MONTH
Also mounting costs and limited seating for corpulent capitalists.

This month the two governments gave the latest, far from final estimate: \$2.5 billion. Each Concorde will cost some \$49.4 million with spare parts, or 83% more than the present price for a 747 jumbo jet. It is small wonder that the builders, British Aircraft Corp. and France's Aérospatiale, do not have a single firm order so far, although 16 airlines have options for 74 planes. The builders do not expect all those options to be taken up. Even state-owned BOAC and Air France have not signed contracts to buy, despite intense pressure from their governments. The two airlines are holding out for the governments to offer low-interest, long-term loans and guarantees against operating losses. The officers of most lines, still struggling with the high costs and excess capacity of the jumbo jets, wish that the Concorde would just go away.

Limited Load. Concorde's small payload over the North Atlantic is the main reason for the airlines' reluctance. Geoffrey Knight, Chairman of British Aircraft Corp.'s commercial division, says that the Concorde will be able to carry at least 100 passengers from Paris to New York in 3 hr. 40 min. But that number assumes a mixture of men, women and children, weighing on average only 200 lbs. with baggage—a total of 20,000 lbs. The Concorde, however, is likely to be a businessman's jet, since they will be among the few people willing to pay up to \$975 for a round trip. Because business travelers are adults, usually males, and often plump, the assumed average weight of 200 lbs. with baggage seems optimistic.

The alternative may be to carry fewer passengers, but that would result in higher fares or larger operating losses—or both. Officers of Scandinavian Airlines, for example, have concluded that the Concorde would not be profitable on

their North Atlantic routes, and thus have decided against buying it. Experts doubt that the British and French governments will ever sell enough planes to recover their total investment.

Restricted Routes. Cost is not the only difficulty. Because it creates a sonic boom when it exceeds the speed of sound, the Concorde will be barred from flying over most populated areas at its optimum speed of Mach 2.05. That limitation will reduce the number of routes on which it can be used; for example, it will not be able to fly supersonically between New York and Los Angeles or between London and Rome. Even at subsonic speeds, Concorde is hardly an environmental advance: on takeoff it will be as loud as a Boeing 747 and perhaps louder.

In the face of these drawbacks, Britain and France are going all-out to promote Concorde. French President Georges Pompidou proudly flew to the Azores in one for his summit meeting with President Nixon last fall. Recently Britain's Princess Margaret flew at 1,300 m.p.h. and declared that the Concorde was "a tremendous technological achievement." What has yet to be proved is Concorde's success as a commercial airliner.

EXECUTIVES

Wilson's Seed Money

F. (for Francis) Perry Wilson is a farm boy who went to the big city 40 years ago and struck it rich, but he never quite left the farm. Now 57, the valuable Wilson still visits the family tobacco and cotton spread near Spray, N.C., that he owns with his three brothers. More important, as chairman and chief executive of Union Carbide Corp., he

"I just keep making phone calls. And I don't worry whether they're local calls or Long Distance."



Gene L. Casciani, Manager,
Katzenbach & Warren, Inc., wallpaper manufacturers,
New York, N.Y.

"Our business is based on prompt service, and the most indispensable tool for prompt service is the telephone.

"And I'm not concerned in the least how far away the person at the other end of the line may be when I'm using the phone. In fact, when I stop to think about it, the farther away

he is the better—because then the savings over an in-person visit are greater.

"I use the phone to stay in touch with our 25 warehouses and mills around the country...to stay up-to-the-minute with our distributors and salesmen...and to sell customers direct.

"I guess I've come to depend on my phone as my salesman, money-man, supply man, fix-it-man and everything else.

"I just keep making phone calls. And I don't worry whether they're local calls or Long Distance."



BUSINESS

is turning the nation's second largest chemical company into a much faster-growing supplier to farmers. As he puts it, Carbide is "developing chemistry-based products to capitalize on the mechanization of agriculture."

Squeezed like all big chemical companies by rising costs and depressed prices because of an excess supply of products, Carbide is searching for new "convenience technology" products to increase profits. Last year the company earned \$158 million on \$3 billion in revenues, or 15% less earnings than in 1969. Now Carbide is having great success with Seed Tape, a ribbon of polyoxide plastic containing seeds. Using a tractor mounted with a reel of tape, a farmer can plant a crop uniformly. The seeds are evenly spaced, and the tape dissolves when sprayed with water. This eliminates the costly problem of uneven

part of Wilson's drive to develop more consumer products, which require less capital investment than the industrial commodities that now bring 78% of Union Carbide's sales. "It won't happen in my lifetime," says Wilson. "But some day we may be 50% consumer and 50% industrial."

CORPORATIONS

Clean-Air Buff

Stiff federal controls on carbon monoxide and hydrocarbon emissions, scheduled to take hold on 1975 model cars, have been a migraine for the automakers. But for Milton Rosenthal, a lawyer who is chief executive of Engelhard Minerals & Chemicals Corp., Washington's demand for cleaner air could produce a bonanza. Engelhard makes a catalytic converter—a steel cylinder containing a platinum-treated honeycomb structure—that changes some toxic gases into harmless substances. The converter, which costs less than \$50, shows strong evidence of enabling the automakers to meet the Environmental Protection Agency standards.

Various companies are trying to perfect similar devices, but with the 1975 models already on the planning boards, the auto manufacturers must already begin to line up suppliers. Ford was the first, recently making a "firm commitment" with Engelhard for half of the catalytic converters it will need in 1975. Other U.S. automakers may soon follow Ford's lead, and Rosenthal, 58, a meticulous executive who tries to keep an eye on details, is looking abroad for still more customers. Japan and Canada, he believes, will soon pass restrictive emission standards.

Engelhard is an unusual company. It was long run by flamboyant Charles Engelhard, who before his death last year built up a billion-dollar business, mostly as an international trader and fabricator of precious metals. Engelhard does much business with Anglo-American Corp. of South Africa Ltd., which owns 30% of Engelhard's common stock and is run by Harry Oppenheimer, the South African mining magnate. But Rosenthal clearly would welcome any new business. Last year, on revenues of \$1.5 billion, the company's earnings dropped from \$36 million to \$28 million.

DEVELOPMENT

Those Hot Chile Nights

With their Italian silk suits, Swiss watches and flashing grins, the happy foreigners stood out conspicuously in Santiago, Chile. They came from Swaziland, Barbados, Fiji and other developing states to confront representatives of richer industrial countries in the third

United Nations Conference on Trade and Development (UNCTAD). In all, 3,000 delegates from 142 countries met for five weeks in a new \$10 million building, which had been specially put up for them by the nearly broke Chilean government. They listened to 1,120 hours of speeches, mostly impassioned pleas for preferential trade deals and fat increases in foreign aid for developing countries. But they made no real progress. As one weary U.S. delegate explained: "The conference presumes that the U.S. is a giant cow and that there should be a teat for every developing country in the world."

Liquid Receptions. Yet as the do-little conference wound toward an official close last week, delegates from many developing nations considered extending it for some days. And why not? What UNCTAD lacked in substance it more than made up for in fun and games. The partying was so intense that UNCTAD's founding father, the noted Argentine economist Raúl Prebisch, noticeably avoided the meeting, and one Belgian delegate went on a hunger strike in protest. The Chilean government had laid on a cultural program of symphony and folk music, ballet and theater—but had to cancel it after one week because of low attendance.

Other nocturnal activities were more pressing. Many delegates boasted of attending three highly liquid receptions a night. In a country where Johnnie Walker Black Label costs upwards of \$30 a fifth, the government allowed the delegates to buy three bottles of whisky a week in a duty-free store that was opened for them and increased that ration for parties. One African delegate joked that UNCTAD had set up still another committee, "the extracurricular-activities committee, and it is the busiest of all."

Overworked Women. Business was so brisk in nightclubs that prices were raised from \$1.05 to \$1.55 a drink. The Chilean central bank reported that the delegates changed an average of only \$3 a day into escudos at the official rate. Meanwhile, the visitors brought a boom to Santiago's money black market, where dollars were exchanged for three to four times the official rate. A popular brothel located in a downtown office building reported its business up 50% during the UNCTAD meeting and had to add four women to its overworked regular staff of six.

Curiously, the greatest party lovers were the Chinese. Their embassy receptions, awash with plenty of mind-numbing *muo-tai* liquor, were the most popular social events in Santiago. But the Chinese were always tough-bargaining businessmen. Last week three of them huddled with three Chilean girls in a combination bar-brothel and were told that the price of the action would be \$75 each, double the pre-UNCTAD days. The Chinese held a hasty conference and made a decision: they would share one girl.



UNION CARBIDE CHIEF WITH SEED TAPE
A golden green thumb.

planting, which often causes crops to mature at an irregular rate and forces farmers to reap several times. Seed tape has not only sold well to large corporate farmers but has also garnered about 6% of the home gardening market. Carbide is now testing tapes that contain fertilizer or herbicides as well as a single tape that will have both seeds and fertilizers.

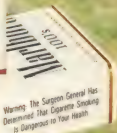
An offshoot of Carbide's farming ventures is a \$3.50 toy, "Nature's Window." Marketed by Ideal Toy Corp., it is a kit of seeds and two plastic disks containing a chemical gel that retains water; in it, seeds begin to germinate within a couple of days. By year's end Carbide expects to sell 15 million disks to Ideal.

Wilson's farming efforts are spreading from the land to the sea. The company has an experimental fish farm in Puget Sound, where it is developing plate-sized salmon: the only salmon now on the market are 30- to 40-pounders that are caught in the wild with a great deal of labor. These projects are

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Carnography

FIRST BLOOD

by DAVID MORRELL
252 pages, Evans, \$5.95.

Civilization has lately presented us with the meat movie, the kind in which we pay to see meat fly off someone's head as he is shotgunned. Now here is the meat novel.

Two men. Rambo, the Kid; Teasle, the Cop. Rambo hitchhiking. Teasle rodding him on to the edge of town. But Rambo doesn't shuffle down the road. Instead (the reader is cold and sure as the adrenaline shoots: oh, man, it will come...) he walks back into town. A second time: the Cop, the Kid, back to the edge of town. And walks back in.



AUTHOR DAVID MORRELL
Blood on the screen.

(The reader: right, right, now let him be a discharged Green Beret...)

The third time: Rambo in jail. Won't tell his name (but wait till they find out...). Won't let his hair be cut. Teasle starts to cut it anyway; good cop, Korea veteran, a big medal. Rambo, sure enough, an ex-Green Beret (and, my God, a Medal of Honor winner), tries to hold himself in, won't let them force him to start killing again (Come back, Shane!) because this time it won't stop.

Too much; no, he can't; he does: Rambo grabs a straight razor, spills one deputy's guts into his cupped hands, blinds another with a chop, out the door, bashes a motorcyclist off his bike, slews across the fields and into the mountains, gone, bare-bottom naked from the jail shower. Teasle follows.

It is done well. David Morrell, a young Canadian first-novelist, is an expert technician. This is important, an absolute requirement of the genre.

When the meat flies off the head, it must fly just right. Through the lens, spraying the viewer with reality. Except that the reader/viewer is safe in his chair. That is the fun of voyeurism—its safety.

A crank's view, if anyone wants it: I am sick of carnography, of sitting safe and watching meat fly. On the screen or on the page. But don't *Moby-Dick* and *Hamlet* also end bloodily? And isn't the reader/viewer always a voyeur?

Well, no, he isn't. But carnography's adrenal rush, quickened pulse rate, and readying of muscles for action are nearly as effective as pornography's sexual flush in blocking out all other emotional and intellectual reactions. This monotonous, mechanical simplification is why porno and carno are properly held in contempt.

The carno question invites endless literary lawyering. Is it not possible, for instance, to write excitingly about violence without being a carnographer? Yes, of course; James Jones' fine combat novel *The Thin Red Line* is not carno, nor is James Dickey's *Deliverance*, nor Ross Macdonald's Lew Archer stories. Mickey Spillane's *I, the Jury* is carno. No, it is not possible to draw a line, and yes, David Morrell's *First Blood* is unmistakably carno, well over the line that can't be drawn.

Is his novel harmful? There are two answers: 1) No. If you liked Lieutenant Calley, you'll love the book; and 2) Yes. For Morrell runs a grave danger of spraining his back carrying his royalties to the bank.

—John Skow

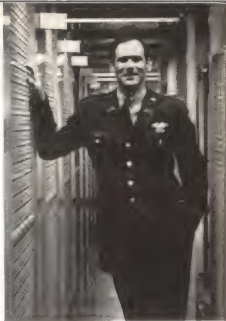
Goodbye to All That

THE LIONHEADS

by JOSIAH BUNTING
213 pages, Braziller, \$5.95.

The Lionheads is a valuable oddity—a small, intelligent Viet Nam book written by a career officer who in another time, another war, would be bending his disciplined mind to winning his stars. Instead, Josiah Bunting, a 32-year-old infantry major, has drawn up a novel—really a sort of fictionalized indictment—with the same shrewd logic he used to devote to planning operations in the Mekong Delta. The novel's interest, and the author's impulse, is not so much fictional as political. Because the author gives expert testimony, *The Lionheads* is a notable document of war.

Bunting's villain is a system gone sour. In a war whose moral impetus is ambiguous, even contaminated, Bunting suggests, the "grunts" die incomprehensibly—"because they felt obliged to be brave in the presence of their buddies." For too many career officers, Viet Nam has simply been a place to get their professional tickets punched, or a proving ground for testing military hardware. Therefore death



MAJOR JOSIAH BUNTING
Disgust with arrogance.

in Viet Nam has a special fatuity.

His complaints are not entirely new. But by tracing one misbegotten minor combat operation from the division level to a single Pfc's subsequent death in a night "contact" with the enemy, Bunting offers a vivid case history. Dominating the story is Major General George S. Lemming, a brilliant division commander who represents in some ways the best and worst of the Regular Army. A literary cousin of Norman Mailer's General Edward Cummings in *The Naked and the Dead*, Lemming is a kind of Abercrombie & Fitch soldier who reads *Lee's Lieutenants* before he goes to sleep. He chides one of his brigade commanders for lack of ferocity by saying: "Your body count is a standing joke." The result of that comment is a microcosmic morality play. Lemming sends the commander's riverine force into an attack staged to impress a Secretary of the Navy who never appears. Almost whimsically, Lemming denies helicopter support for the operation. Men needlessly die.

Bunting has a cool eye for American ceremonies of *machismo* in Viet Nam, including the baronial protocol of General Lemming's briefings and the peculiar delights of a war-loving major's exotic gun collection ("The nice thing about this one is that it's got such a slow cyclic rate: they can feel each bullet going in"). Reflecting on the U.S. role in Viet Nam, the author quotes a passage from C.S. Forester: "In some ways, it was like a debate of a group of savages as to how to extract a screw from a piece of wood. Accustomed only to nails, they made one effort to pull out the screw by main force." They tried prying and using pincers with increasing force. But the secret remained intact.

Major Bunting is saying goodbye to all that. Now an assistant professor of history at West Point, he will resign

from the Army in July. It will be a somewhat ambiguous end to his career. Bunting has signed a contract to teach military history and decision making at the Naval War College in Newport, R.I. He will also collaborate on a new book called *Military Careerism*.

Moral Growth. At 6 ft. 4 in., Bunting has what is called "command presence." The son of a Havertford, Pa., real estate man, he was expelled from Pennsylvania's Hill School for "general troublemaking," and then, at 17, enlisted in the Marines. After two years, he enrolled at Virginia Military Institute, graduated in 1963 as first captain and third in a class of 185. He won a Rhodes scholarship and studied modern British history at Oxford, then settled down to a military career.

It was in Viet Nam, as a plans officer for the riverine force in the Delta, that his attitude began to change. "It was not a matter of seeing a massacre or anything like that," he explains. "It was a slow, subterranean kind of change: a disgust with the arrogance and unapproachability of the officers, of watching men whose moral growth stopped at the age of twelve. I concluded that we had reached the point that whatever gains we could possibly make, there would never be enough to make up for the suffering we were inflicting."

Such opinions made him increasingly uncomfortable in the military. Sometimes he amuses himself at parties by playing a truculent young Patton ("If we could just blow out those goddamn dikes up North"). Privately his conversation runs to Gerard Manley Hopkins and Robert Browning. The night the B-52s started bombing Hanoi and Haiphong, Bunting said: "Can we react any more? I don't know. But this makes me physically sick." ■ **Lance Morrow**

Love and Despair

A CHILD CALLED NOAH

by JOSH GREENFIELD

191 pages. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.

\$5.95.

The twain met in 1960 at the MacDowell Colony, a sylvan artists' preserve in Peterborough, N.H. She, Fumouko Kometani, was a painter from Japan. He, Josh Greenfield, was a Jewish writer from Greenwich Village. As newlyweds, they began family life simply, with a cat named Brodsky. In 1964 a son, Karl Taro, was born. Two years later Fumouko gave birth to another child, a placid, ethereally beautiful boy whom they named Noah Jiro.

For two talented people, the world promised a balance between domestic life and art. But at the age of 2½ Noah stopped talking. He also stopped feeding himself and using the toilet. He seemed to lose interest in the world. It was as if Noah were attending a private showing of a very exclusive daydream.

Diagnosis proved difficult, expensive and exasperating. Psychologists

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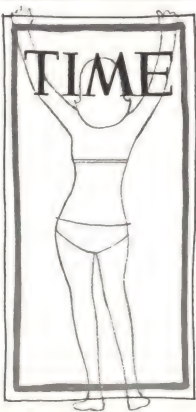
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KARL & NOAH GREENFIELD
In a very exclusive daydream.

tended to classify Noah as retarded. Neurologists generalized about brain damage. Terms such as schizophrenia and autism seemed to cover all the ground but never really defined any of it. "The medical profession," Greenfield writes, "was merely playing Aristotelian nomenclature and classification games at our expense." Considering that 33 of every 1,000 children born in the U.S. are or become severely retarded or disturbed, the cost in money and parental nerves must be enormous.

They went the rounds, from psychiatrists to chiropractors. Most treatments, however, were only shots in the dark. Private facilities offered little hope. State agencies came muffled in bureaucratic cotton, or their funds were frozen in vague categories for the handicapped that excluded Noah. Greenfield's assessment of the situation: "Have a crazy kid and get to understand the gut meaning of a society."

At UCLA, Noah came under the care of a team of psychologists led by a Norwegian specialist in "operant conditioning"—a therapy similar to animal training. Noah was forced to respond to simple commands. His successes were rewarded with Fritos; his failures were met sternly. Enforced hunger and low-volume foods were part of the program.

To date, Noah has made some measurable progress. Occasionally he blurs a word or flashes a gesture, indicating a slim connection to this world. But it is likely, as he grows older and harder to handle, that he will have to be institutionalized. It is a prospect that the Greenfields view with conflicting dread and relief. For as Greenfield tacitly conveys in this moving collection of a year's journal entries, the family of any abnormal child is almost equally victimized. With a novelist's skill and perceptions, Greenfield tells not only of the daily burden of Noah but of

the guilts and suspicions the boy created between his parents. The book also records moments of tenderness and deep understanding. Yet caught between love and despair, Greenfield refuses to sentimentalize his or his wife's deflected lives. He is an enduring realist, particularly when forced to define himself. "I am," he says, "a father-writer." ■ R.Z. Sheppard

Ashes

NO NAME IN THE STREET
by JAMES BALDWIN
197 pages, Dial, \$5.95.

Despite his credentials as an outsider, James Baldwin has been a middleman between black rights activists and white liberals. Finely written early novels like *Go Tell It on the Mountain* sensitized white readers to life under black skin. The moral essays (*Nobody Knows My Name*, *The Fire Next Time*) personalized the abstractions of racism with passion and high intelligence. Yet a middleman runs the risk of being caught between both ends. Liberals eventually tired of having their noses rubbed in their own hypocrisy. Radical brothers like Eldridge Cleaver charged Baldwin with caring more about personal needs than black liberation. Indeed, the sad irony of Baldwin's success is that it is based on terms laid down by white society before many black leaders had redefined the terms of success with their blood.

Baldwin seems particularly aware of his vulnerability in *No Name in the Street*, a collection of reminiscences raked from his private disasters and public disappointments. The book is walled in by a profound disillusion based partly on the state of the world as Baldwin sees it and partly on the unchangeable fact that Baldwin is now nearly 48 years old. "What in the world was I now," he laments, "but an aging, lonely, sexually dubious, politically outrageous, unspeakable erratic freak?"

Funeral Suit. He then goes on to prove it. An old friend calls with a grotesque request. He has read in a gossip column that Baldwin never again will wear the suit he wore at Martin Luther King's funeral. The friend, a postal clerk, wants to know if he could have the suit. Baldwin takes it to him and stays for dinner. A few drinks, an attempt by the friend to defend U.S. Indochina policy, and Baldwin explodes in violent profanity before the man and his family. There is also Baldwin torn between directing the legal defense of a New York friend charged with murder or remaining at the glamorous Beverly Hills Hotel to work on a doomed movie script about Malcolm X.

Baldwin seems to have an instinct for no-win situations. It is almost as if he needed them to fulfill a larger need for his incessant self-examinations, which often turn out to be self-deprecations. In recalling his youthful days

as an expatriate in Paris, Baldwin manages to equate his attitude toward persecuted Algerians with the attitude of white Americans toward their black countrymen. His feeling of kinship with the Algerian cause was accompanied by the troubling fact that his American passport granted him special privileges. He could not reconcile being regarded as "an African prince" in Europe and "a domestic nigger" in the U.S. The result was guilt about why he was not home paying his dues.

Baldwin consistently main-lines on guilt, whose source appears to be an unreasonable sense of inadequacy. He seems truly tortured by the world as it is and by his inability as an artist to change it. The healing Christian love, so strongly preached in the earlier writings, proved inadequate but remains as a rhetorical echo. The righteous, cleansing fire he summoned for "next time" is now only a vague and sinister "shape of the wrath to come." He talks of morality as a living thing, but he is crushed by the truth that the struggle for political freedom is decided by raw power.

Baldwin the complex artist too often succumbs to Baldwin the propagandist and fantasist. When he calls America the Fourth Reich, he sounds as if fascism were a completed fact rather than a terrifying possibility. And when he speaks of "Martin" or "Malcolm," there is a touch of envy in his reverence. It is almost as if Baldwin would rather break the apron strings of his beautiful prose style and become a martyr himself. ■ R.Z.S.

Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1—The Word, Wallace (1 last week)
- 2—Captains and the Kings, Caldwell (3)
- 3—The Winds of War, Wark (2)
- 4—My Name Is Asher Lev, Potok (4)
- 5—The Exorcist, Blatty (5)
- 6—The Blue Knight, Wambaugh (6)
- 7—11 Harrowhouse, Browne (8)
- 8—The Assassins, Kazan (9)
- 9—The Friends of Eddie Coyle, Higgins (7)
- 10—Monday the Robbi Took Off, Kemelman

NONFICTION

- 1—The Boys of Summer, Kahn (2)
- 2—The Game of the Foxes, Forage (7)
- 3—A World Beyond, Montgomery
- 4—Eleanor and Franklin, Losh (10)
- 5—The Truth About Weight Control, Dr. Neil Solomon with Sally Sheppard (5)
- 6—Jonathan Livingston Seagull, Bach
- 7—Report from Engine Co. 82, Smith (3)
- 8—The Washington Pay-Off, Winter-Barger (6)
- 9—Open Marriage, Nana and George O'Neill (4)
- 10—Nutrition & Your Mind, Watson (8)

MILESTONES

Born. To Muhammad Ali, 30, dogger-spouting former heavyweight boxing champ, and Belinda Ali, 22, their fourth child, first son: in Philadelphia. Name: Muhammad Eban.

Born. To Thomas K. Mattingly Jr., 36, command pilot on the Apollo 16 mission, and Elizabeth Mattingly; their first child, a son, in Texas City, Texas. Name: Thomas Kenneth III.

Died. Dan Blocker, 43, Hoss Cartwright on TV's *Bonanza* series for 14 years; of a blood clot in the lung following surgery; in Inglewood, Calif. A former high school teacher, Blocker spent two knockabout years in Hollywood before getting a regular job as the Cartwright family's oversized middle son. The show became one of TV's most successful horse operas (400 million viewers in 84 countries) and made Blocker a millionaire.

Died. Alexander Korneichuk, 66, playwright-politician who became one of the Soviet Union's most prominent literary loyalists; in Kiev. Because of his skill in blending party line with plot, Korneichuk won five Stalin Prizes and a number of political appointments during the 1930s and '40s. After Stalin's death, he allied himself with Nikita Khrushchev and in 1955 attacked the fallen secret police chief, Lavrenti Beria, in a play called *Wings*. It marked the start of Khrushchev's public assault on Stalinism. Korneichuk also survived Khrushchev's ouster, serving the present regime in a variety of cultural-political assignments.

Died. Wallace S. Sayre, 66, urbanologist and early proponent of regional planning; of a heart attack; in Manhattan. A spokesman for city government reform since the 1930s, Sayre regarded the creation of combined city-and-suburban planning units as the salvation of metropolitan centers. Though a prominent academician, Sayre never forgot the practical lessons in hard-nosed politics that he received as a civil service commissioner under New York Mayor Fiorello La Guardia. The 1960 study, *Governing New York City*, that he wrote with a colleague, Herbert Kaufman, became a classic how-to handbook for big-city mayors.

Died. Sidney Franklin, 79, Hollywood producer and director, whose 1942 production of *Mrs. Miniver* won an Academy Award for best picture; in Santa Monica, Calif. Franklin began as an actor in D.W. Griffith silent movies, then took a job behind the lens as an assistant cameraman. Ultimately, he became one of MGM's most successful directors (*The Good Earth*, *The Burrows of Wimpole Street*).

What Do Many Doctors Use When They Suffer Pain Of Hemorrhoidal Tissues?

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THE PRESS



EDITOR WEISS (STANDING) IN CITY ROOM

New York Times in the best editorial health of its 85-year history.* Many newsmen believe that for its slim size—14 to 16 pages—the *Trib* is the most readable and informative daily published anywhere.

Where else, after all, can a reader get the best of both the *Post* and *Times*, expertly presented along with comics and commentary? As a bonus, there is also the *Trib's* own crew of offbeat freelancers who lend the paper a welcome

and *Sun-Times*, in addition to a full range of U.S. and foreign news agencies. Weiss and his colleagues are free to choose whichever story says it best for the international reader. No copy quotas are imposed by the owner papers, and big names on both the *Post* and New York *Times* often find their stories either drastically shortened or entirely ignored by the *Trib*.

Though in many ways the *Trib* lives up to its claim of being "not fundamentally an American newspaper published abroad, but a newspaper published abroad by Americans," though its parentage is mongrelized, though a plethora of bylines now appears, Weiss manages nonetheless to keep something of the old New York *Herald Tribune's* tone. It is serious, but not solemn. If New Yorkers notice a familiar rhythm to some of the editorials, they are not imagining things. Harry Baehr, 64, once the New York paper's chief editorial writer, still contributes a few editorials each week—writing from New York.

To be broadly relevant to readers in the 70 countries it now reaches, however, the *Trib* must be edited to seem as if it has no local base. Homey coverage is anathema to Weiss. To report on New York City's last mayoral election, for instance, he ignored the voluminous file of the New York *Times* and published the Washington *Post's* version instead; the *Post* reporter "told in a few stories all you needed to know about it in Neuilly or Oslo." Yet Weiss can occasionally use his own brand of enterprise. During last December's Nixon-Pompidou meeting in the Azores, he sent his entire political staff, James Goldsborough, to cover the event. Goldsborough beat the competition—including staffers of both the *Post* and *Times*—to the main news about dollar devaluation by several hours, allowing the *Trib* to make its first deadline with the hottest international story of the moment.

Gilded Bird. Deadlines are a problem because of the intricate truck-train-plane system that hustles copies around the world. Distribution accounts for an astonishing 25% of the *Trib's* total production costs. The per-copy price is high, ranging from 28¢ in Paris to 75¢ in Tokyo, because most papers must be shipped out by air freight or chartered plane. Advertising rates are astronomical; it costs as much to place an ad in the *Trib* as in the Washington *Post*, which has more than four times the circulation. Yet there is no shortage of advertisers or readers. Nowadays, only 18% of the audience lives in France, v. 40% five years ago.

Prosperity is a relatively new fact of life at the *Trib*. For much of its history, it was a red-ink case, belying the efficacy of the owls with which Founder Bennett decorated the paper's original Paris office as a good-luck fetish. But the *Trib* has been solidly profitable since 1968, and an enormous owl still holds the place of honor in its offices. Appropriately, the metal bird is gilded.

HERALD TRIBUNE FRONT PAGE



Mid-Atlantic Winner

Going abroad this summer? Afraid of losing touch with what's happening at home? Not to worry. Whether you wind up in Brussels or Bangkok, the *International Herald Tribune* will tell you about Charlie Brown's latest hang-up, what Chrysler stock is selling for, whether Willie Mays homered for the Mets, who won the Democratic presidential nomination and how, and what columnists from Art Buchwald to Bill Buckley make of it all.

Yet the Paris-based *Trib* (circ. 121,000) is no mere letter from home. It is far different from the daily described by *The New Yorker's* Janet Flanner as "the village newspaper" of the American expatriate colony in Paris, the favorite of Ernest Hemingway, Gertrude Stein and Ezra Pound. Increasingly it serves to inform a widespread audience about both the U.S. and the world. It is read with respect in the power centers of Europe, where English is now the second language. Nineteen copies a day go to Peking, and the Kremlin also subscribes. Editor Murray "Buddy" Weiss, 48, who was the last managing editor of the New York *Herald Tribune*, talks of a "mid-Atlantic viewpoint" that implies a degree of detachment from both the U.S. and Europe.

The paper last week marked the fifth anniversary of its tripartite marriage with the Washington *Post* and

air of leisured whimsy. Souren Melikian, a Persian prince, covers art and artifact auctions with the colorful authority of both expert and buyer. Gastronome Waverly Root writes lovingly of rare, night-blooming mushrooms and the perils of absinthe, interspersed with an occasional reminiscence of Paris whores of the 1920s. Among *Trib* critics, Henry Pleasants comments on music with competence, and Thomas Quinn Curtis disagrees rather consistently—but stylishly—with almost everyone else on which movies are good and bad.

Broad Choice. Basically the *Trib* is an exercise in inspired deskmanship. The paper has only one full-time general reporter of its own, and the core of the operation consists of five copy editors working with Weiss in crowded quarters off the Champs-Élysées. Six nights a week, they cull streams of copy that issue from 16 Teletypes, providing the *Trib* with a broad choice that goes beyond the *Post's* and *Times's* output. Material also comes from the Los Angeles *Times* and Chicago's *Daily News*

*James Gordon Bennett Jr., self-exiled son of the New York *Herald's* founder, started the paper in 1887 as the Paris edition of the *Herald*. In 1903 it became the European edition of the New York *Herald Tribune*, which it still strongly resembles in typography. After the parent paper died in 1966, Publisher John Hay Whitney took on the *Post* and *Times* as partners in the Paris survivor.

Designed to Defang

Once it seemed that Spiro Agnew had the assignment more or less to himself—defending his President, and the republic for that matter, from the “nattering nabobs of negativism” in the press. Now the Vice President is only one member of a Republican chorus.

The latest attack occurred last week when the Republican National Committee newsletter *Monday* chastised NBC and United Press International for using North Vietnamese film and still pictures that purported to show civilians suffering from U.S. bombing. *Monday* interviewed executives of NBC and U.P.I. and paraphrased their responses this way: “When it comes to deciding if their facilities should be used to disseminate Communist propaganda, the question of whether the national interest of the United States is or is not served is not a consideration.” Executive Producer Wallace Westfeldt of NBC *Nightly News* said later that he had been quoted out of context and that his meaning had been distorted. Broadcasting the film, he said, was “part of the free flow of information. It is very important to know what the North Vietnamese are seeing.” Both news organizations had clearly identified the material’s source, and such journalistic use of enemy-supplied pictures has been routine for years.

Monday’s carping would be of little significance were it not for other signs. President Nixon himself recently bemoaned “the tendency of some in the media—not all, but some in the media—constantly to emphasize the negative.” White House Speechwriter Patrick Buchanan told a television interviewer that a few networks, newspapers and newsmagazines were guilty of an anti-Administration “monopoly

of ideas.” He talked about “antitrust-type action” if the offenders continue to “freeze out opposing points of view.” On *Meet the Press*, Presidential Adviser John Ehrlichman complained about young journalists intent on “salt[ing] away in their reporting on facts their own personal points of view.” Patrick Gray, just before his appointment as acting director of the FBI, devoted a long speech to journalism’s role in the “culture of disparagement.” Kansas Senator Robert Dole, the Republican national chairman, warned a California audience of “attempted media sabotage of the national policies of the U.S.”

The timing of the concerted outburst seems designed to defang criticism in advance of the presidential election campaign. And the strategy could be effective. The fact that many of the larger news organizations lean to the liberal side gives the Administration ammunition. The occasional errors committed by newsmen add to the media’s credibility problem. “The White House is feeding on it,” says Peter Lisagor of the Chicago *Daily News*, a past president of the White House Correspondents Association. “Now that they are coming up to the campaign, they look for a scapegoat. The press is an immediate and vulnerable target, because people tend to blame the press for the bad news they read.”

Bamboo Breakthrough

It was a sight not seen for many years in a U.S. newspaper. There on the front page of the New York *Times* last week, in adjoining columns, were staff-written reports from two of the least accessible of Communist capitals. Anthony Lewis was describing from Hanoi a U.S. bombing alert and the look of war that lay about him, while Associate Editor Harrison Salisbury noted from North Korea that he was the first U.S. correspondent to file under a Pyongyang dateline in more than 20 years.

Why the *Times*? The paper’s twin coup was the result of several elements. Its correspondents have been admirably persistent in knocking on the Bamboo Curtain: Lewis had been trying to get into Hanoi for two years, and from his London base renewed his pleas to North Vietnamese officials in Paris almost monthly. Another factor is the *Times*’ undeniable prestige and influence in the U.S. Both Pyongyang and Hanoi obviously felt that they could benefit from some press exposure in the U.S. at this time, and that the *Times* men were likely to give them a favorable shake.

Sympathy. The paper has been increasingly critical of the Nixon Administration’s war policy, and Lewis’ columns have been particularly tough. Salisbury, who has long experience covering both European and Asian Communist countries, in 1966 became the first journalist from a major U.S. publication to visit North Viet Nam in a



SALISBURY IN NORTH VIET NAM (1966)
Primroses in Pyongyang parks.

dozen years. His series of stories was distinctly sympathetic. From Pyongyang’s viewpoint, Salisbury’s visit promises not only sympathy but also reciprocity that may give North Korean newsmen access to Washington.

The North Koreans even allowed the *Times* to send its Tokyo Bureau Chief John Lee. Through its unofficial representatives in Tokyo, the regime had passed the word some time ago that it would welcome a limited number of American newsmen—possibly because Peking has begun to admit U.S. reporters without suffering a bad press. Last week Washington *Post* Correspondent Selig Harrison was cleared for entry, and others are waiting their turn.

Enemy Conduit. Salisbury’s first dispatches were long on description and short on insight, understandable for any reporter seeing a strange and previously forbidden place for the first time. He zeroed in on modern buildings and primroses in Pyongyang’s parks, and marveled at the Mao-like everpresence of Premier Kim Il Sung, whom Salisbury expects to interview before his three-week visit is over.

From Hanoi, Lewis wrote on the familiar themes of North Vietnamese determination not to cave in under the accelerated bombing and the government’s willingness to settle for less than a totally Communist regime in Saigon. He reported North Viet Nam’s claim that it is clearing mines from the Haiphong harbor entrance and restoring partial ship traffic in the port (the White House not only denied it, but accused the *Times* of “being a conduit of enemy propaganda”). Conversations in Hanoi led Lewis to write that the North Vietnamese feel Americans misunderstand them, a fact that explains something about the agonized U.S. experience in Viet Nam.



HANOI PHOTO OF BOMBING CASUALTIES
Nattering over national interest.

Toward Level 24

"Lie on the floor, your feet pointing to the sound source, and absorb the music. Listen with the soles of the feet." Those are the directions for doing the "Audicon Plantar," one of the basic exercises in a training program now being advertised and offered in a dozen cities by a new mystical movement: the New York-based Arica Institute in America, Inc. By following the mental and physical regime prescribed by Arica, trainees are told, they may well "regain the Essential Self," achieve "total serenity"

Central to Arica's classroom work is a repertoire of exercises similar to the Audicon Plantar and loosely based on Zen Buddhism, Hinduism, Muslim Sufism and Tibetan Lamaism. Exercises called "Mentations" require the student to "concentrate your attention into each separate section" of the body for a prescribed time: 8 minutes 40 seconds for the colon and kidneys, 10 minutes 45 seconds for the liver, and so on. "Active in the World" calls for lying motionless, forearms supported on elbows, palms facing the feet, while feeling "the tissues of your body actively engaged in the dance of Life." The instructions for "Passive in the Cosmos" specify one arm held straight up from the shoulder while the believer feels himself "absorbing the vibrations of the solar system and beyond."

CHRISTOPHER SPRINGMAN



PREPARING FOR ARICA MEDITATION
See that black vibrate.

and "unity with emptiness," and ascend to a beatific level of consciousness arcane called "the Permanent 24."

Arica's guru is Oscar Ichazo, 40, a Bolivian ex-philosophy student who let it be known in 1970 that he was planning a training retreat for North Americans in the Chilean city of Arica. Among the 50 seekers who made the trip—and paid from \$4,000 to \$7,000 apiece for the ten-month experience—were artists, housewives, businessmen and a few scientists (among them Dr. John Lilly, the dolphin expert, who had previously tried to achieve higher consciousness on LSD trips). Almost half were disenchanted defectors from Esalen, the encounter center at Big Sur, Calif.; all were searching for the good life, and, under Oscar's tutelage, 42 concluded that they had found it. These survivors established the institute, became its faculty, and launched the first classes last October.

A peculiar kind of meditation is included—about the planet Jupiter and the color blue if it happens to be Thursday or about Saturn and black if it happens to be Saturday. ("Think black. Your center of zero is black. Now see that black vibrate ... Feel it running up your leg ...") In addition, there is a mix of Egyptian gymnastics, African dances and Hindu mantras or incantations ("Owwwwww" or "Ommmmmm").

Basic Causes. Some 170 students have "graduated" from Arica training, another 60 will finish in August, and registrations are coming in for future semesters. Oscar is sure the trainees will fare well: "If the body is cleared of tensions, the trouble in the head is diminished. If Arica doesn't make you happy, it will at least make you happier than you were." One of his disciples is even more enthusiastic. Everyone, Arica Instructor Bill Gay insists, can achieve the nirvana of Level 24 (though Levels 12, 6 and 3 are beyond the reach of the ordinary trainee). Once there, "you have built up the essentials, broken the ego structure and have all the tools you need to continue to grow. You can empty your head any time you want to, and you are in the here and now and know what's going on."

Such euphoria seems almost certain to fade. To its credit, Arica rejects alcoholics, drug users and the consciously disturbed. But like the encounter movement, it attracts chiefly those with emotional problems, yet does not try to help them come to grips with the underlying causes of their difficulties. For some, it could even be the source of new worries—of a financial nature. Exclusive of board and room, the cost of three months' Arica training is a whopping \$3,000.

"Unwanted pregnancy" is a widely accepted term among both laymen and behavioral scientists. It is also widely misunderstood, according to Cornell University Psychiatrist Lawrence Downs and Psychologist David Clayton. In a paper presented to the American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists, Downs and Clayton offer convincing evidence that among women who have abortions, pregnancy is initially "more wanted than unwanted." Far from being accidental, it represents a subconscious effort to cope with extreme emotional stress.

Downs and Clayton reached their conclusions after studying 108 patients at New York Hospital. Most of the women were well informed about birth control, and many had sometimes practiced it at some time in their lives. Then why, the investigators wondered, did such women get pregnant?

The answer seems to lie partly in the women's personalities, which proved to be quite different from those of a comparison group of 49 women hospitalized for the birth of their first or second babies. All of the women in the comparison group tested normal on the Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory, a much-used measure of emotional health. By contrast, only 21% of the abortion patients were diagnosed as "normal"; 24% were revealed to be psychotic, and 55% were found to have neuroses or related disorders. In fact, more than a third of the abortion patients had sought professional help for their psychiatric problems in the year before they became pregnant.

Besides these inner difficulties, many of the abortion patients had suffered personal losses in the year or two prior to conception. In 47% of the cases, a member of the immediate family had died or been diagnosed as fatally ill. The end of a marriage or of a longstanding love relationship had been experienced by 43%. Some two-thirds of the abortion patients had sustained either or both of these losses, and a striking 85% of the abortion group had suffered either a personal loss or grave psychiatric disturbance, or both, in the months just before conception.

These percentages are the first statistical evidence that most abortion patients have conceived while under exceptional emotional stress. The results seem to support the widely accepted psychiatric belief that pregnancy is seldom a chance occurrence. Thus, Downs and Clayton conclude, the women they studied had unconsciously "chosen" pregnancy as a way of repairing "a threatened or damaged psyche." They needed their supposedly unwanted pregnancies, at least for a while, "to prove something to themselves"—perhaps that they were truly feminine, or that they were whole enough to create, or that they need not be entirely alone.

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